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SAMUEL SLARK
THEATRE
COLLECTION



HOW HE DOES IT.

SAM. T. JACK

TWENTY YEARS A KING IN THE REALM OF BURLESQUE.



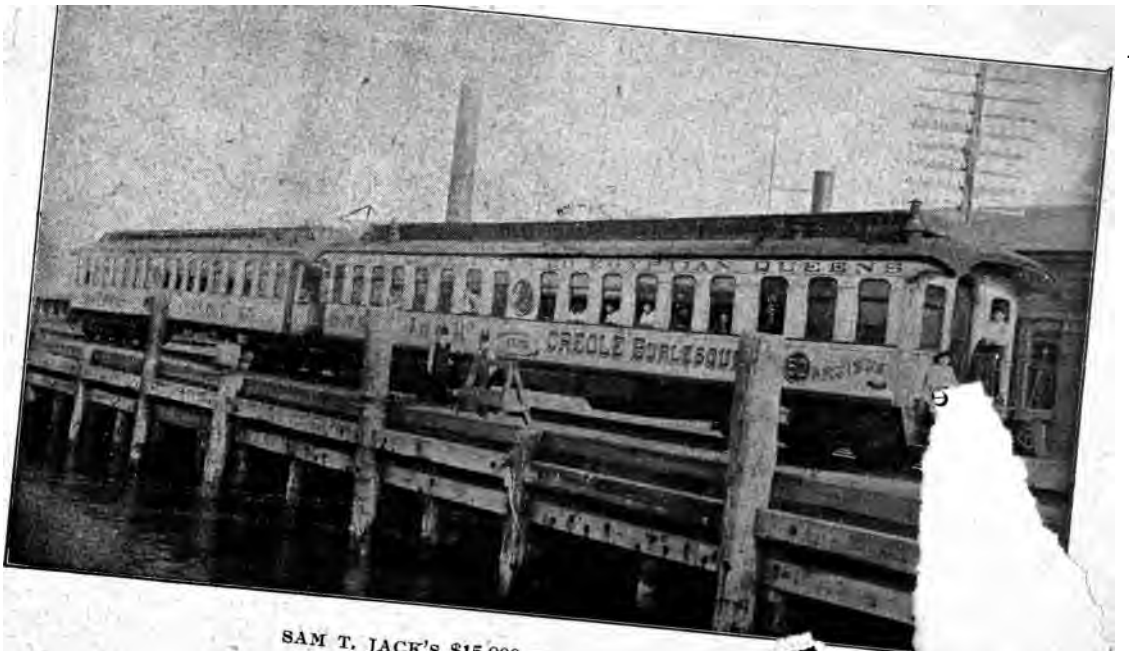
A History of the Buslesque Stage as Conducted by Him During That Period.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPES. DANGERS BY FIELD AND FLOOD. INCIDENTS OF A HUMOROUS AND PATHETIC NATURE. AFFAIRS D'AMOUR AND OTHER AFFAIRS IN THE LIFE OF THAT PRINCE OF GOOD FELLOWS, TRAVELER, ADVENTURER AND MANAGER, SAM. T. JACK.

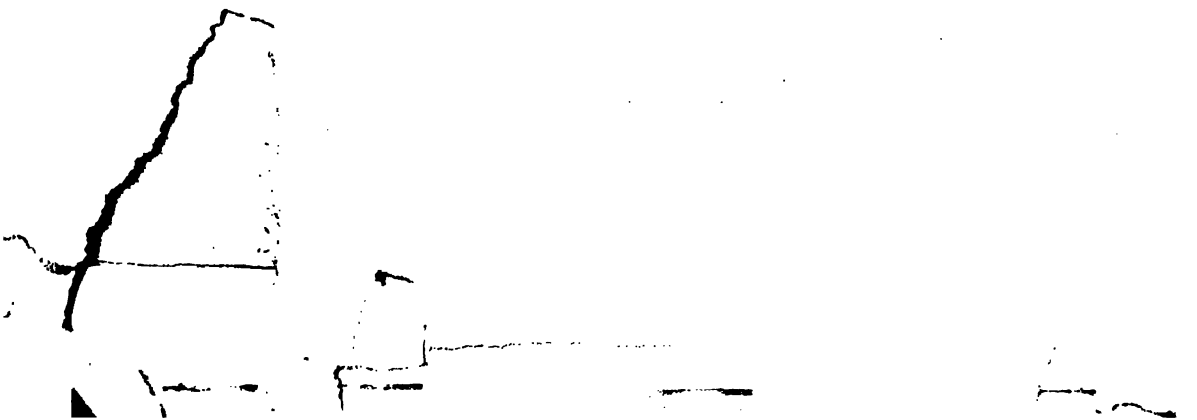
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SAM T. JACK'S $15,000 PALACE HOTEL CAR[illegible]S.



DEDICATION.

To

Sam. T. Jack,

ORIGINATOR AND PRODUCER,

THE FIRST AND GREATEST BURLESQUE MANAGER OF HIS DAY,

As

A TRIBUTE OF PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL ESTEEM FOR HIS STERLING BUSINESS QUALITIES AND UNBLEMISHED CHARACTER; AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE FRIENDSHIP; AND TO SHOW THE HIGH REGARD IN WHICH HE IS HELD IN PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE, THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

The Author.

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INTRODUCTORY.

Custom seems to have decreed that a man can do anything he pleases in this world conformable with law and morality, with one exception, and not give a "tinker's dam" what the public may say or think about it, and that is to write a book. We have always remarked that the first thing an author usually does, no matter how well he may be known, or even if not known at all, is to offer a lot of excuses for "foisting these pages upon the public," after which he goes on to say that he "feels his unworthiness," and to indulge in other customary meaningless and unmeant excuses.

We do not propose to offer any excuses. If the author really thinks his pages should not be foisted upon the public, the proper place for them is in the waste basket. If he really feels, as keenly as he says he does, that he is "unworthy of his task," why does he undertake it? We do not go much on such author-ized protestations.

Here is another thing: Every well regulated newspaper has a "hired man" whose duty it is to break out in a series of criticisms on current publications every once in a while as that homely disease, the measles, does on children, sort of all over in spots. This Highcockalorum Bang-wang is supposed, because he has just been sprouted at some college where he took a

hot-bed course of literature, to be able to set author and reader right on every subject under he sun. This mental manipulator and mentor of morals, whose make-up, as a general thing, consists of bumption, assumption and presumption, is the lordly literary La-la—in his mind. He sits enthroned, surrounded by his scissors and paste pot, like "a knight in his castle high," and cuts and slashes at every idea he does not understand with the valor of a Don Quixote.

As a genêral thing he makes us tired. We flatter ourselves that the public knows about as well what it wants to read as anybody can tell it, and, therefore, we present this volume without a single excuse or plea in its behalf.

We have had dealings with the public for, lo! these many years, and we flatter ourselves that we know what it wants in a popular book. We have, therefore, selected the most popular man in the theatrical profession, which we take to be the most popular of professions; a man whose checkered career and life of interest, find no counterpart outside of the realm of romance; we tell plainly, in simple, truthful words his life up to the present day, and we find in it more exciting adventures, romantic episodes, humorous passages, pathetic incidents, and last, though by no means least to the fair portion of our readers, "affairs d'amour," than have fallen to the lot of any other man in that profession, which ever and always teems with incident.

Following the advice of the "Sweet Bard of Avon," we "Nothing extenuate or naught set down in malice." We have the gentleman's permission to publish it, and "we let it go at that." We promise our readers a chain of incident, which will be found interesting reading.

We neither lecture nor moralize. The book is simply a tale plainly told, and if you laugh, cry, or become astonished at the remarkable experience of this most remarkable man, you needn't care what the hair-brained critic says. It will be all right when he is dead.

One word more and we are done: About the last thing the late Benjamin Butler did before he departed this life for another was to inform the American public, through the medium of a learned court, that a "tinker's dam" is nothing more nor less than a little wad of dough wet with spittle, which the old-time tinker used to place around the holes he was about to mend in old tin pans. So it isn't such an awful thing after all, is it?

Having thus had our say and introduced ourselves, we go ahead with our story, and, hoping our readers will enjoy it, critics and all, we wish them "bon voyage" through the pages, and make our exit here.

—THE AUTHOR.

HOW HE DOES IT.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWINS. A SYNCHRONISM. SAM AND A NEW YEAR ARE BORN TOGETHER.

If there is one amongst all the various beauty-spots of the Allegheny Mountains more beautiful than another, it is a little vale which nestles chiefly at the foot of the "Skypiercer Knob," and incidentally at the foot, so to speak, of the other mountains which surround and surmount this pleasant valley. When Nature framed this virgin vale, she indeed was in a happy mood, for she produced a scene, the grandeur of which the mind may conceive, the eye must surely delight in, but the tongue become lost in the foam of flattering language, in vainly trying to describe.

Across the verdant bosom of this smiling little vale, flows leaping, scurrying, bounding over huge rocks, and flashing, aye, dancing in a myriad indescribable eddies, the purest, liveliest and most silvery *young* river that ever broke

away from its father's mountainous embrace, to rush and hide its smiling face on the calm, unruffled bosom of its mother river. This scampering young thing has as yet no name given to it on the maps, but its mother, into whose arms it is continually rushing, has long been called the Allegheny.

If one were to stand on any of the jutting points of "Skypiercer" and look down to the western extremity of the little valley through which the younger river makes its mad way, he would see the mother river looking broad, calm and matronly, blue as the sky above her, and smiling serenely as she sweeps around the bend between the rugged pine-clad mountains. Yes, and he would see a hundred little cousins of the smaller stream leaping downward from crag to crag, in a maddening headlong course; through fissures; over pointed pinnacles and falling here in silvery cascades iridescent and gorgeous, and there reflecting back in countless broken sparks each sun-ray which the laughing young rascals met as they flew down over the faces of the mighty mountains of the amphitheatre to mingle with the young river and later become a part of the mighty one.

The same—or any other observer, who might have climbed to the cloud-haired head of old Skypiercer, could, when he cast his eyes half way down the mountain slope, see a belt-like

roadway, a natural zone, winding up and around the mount towards him, nor would it require any keen eyesight to detect a huge gabled, L shaped, gray-stone homestead, of the style in vogue a century or more ago in Pennsylvania, similar to many which can be seen to this day, surrounded by their great stone barns, often larger than the commodious homesteads themselves.

Well, if the observer's curiosity should be aroused, any one of the tall and hardy dwellers on old "Skypiercer" could and would quickly tell him that the gray-stone house was built by General Abner Jack, of Revolutionary fame, and is still held, with most of the mountains and the vale also (although a thriving city is now built on the greater portion of the valley), by the decendants of the old patriot.

General Abner Jack has long since been laid in a narrower and still more lasting home, and so have whole generations of the Jacks; but as these pages have chiefly to do with one of their living decendants only, we will see how and when this one came first to look with wonder-rounded eyes upon the green, the purple and the golden mists which always seem to wreathe around the wrinkled brow of old "Skypiercer."

This century, now so soon to expire, had just made two years more than half of its remarkable round; the finger of old Father Time was, indeed, figuratively speaking, upon the

very minute which marked the half cycle gone, when arose a lusty bawl from a pair of newly inflated lungs, in a voice which might have made the little cousin river outside leap again; a voice which has since been heard around the world; and nurse Betty handed into the outstretched arms of a loving mother, the subject of this book—Sam T. Jack was born!

So that you see he came there on pristine "Skypiercer," sprung into existence, as it were, even with the first breath of the New Year; and 1852, bless the mark! had the honor of being born with the now famous King of burlesque.

So mote it be.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

CHAPTER II.

A PROMISING YOUTH. SCHOOL-BOY DAYS. SAM RISKS HIS LIFE AND SAVES A COMRADE'S. HIS FIRST ADVENTURE.

This interesting infant, it will be seen later, did not propose to let '52 get any the best of the occurrence, so when the 31st day of December came around Sam was with it, and old Nurse Betty vowed that the little rascal laughed to see the old year die—for it is said that the year was old by the 31st of December. At all events it died, and next morning, had little Sammy only known it, he had his lacteal breakfast with what, in a chronological sense, might be called another brother. Now here is where Sam had the best of it; he was just one year ahead of young '53. Betty used to say that he was so cute, "he jest knowed it; fer hain't he been a-keepin' ahead of time ever since?" Whether or not that was the case at that exact period this chronicle will not vouch for, but we are dead morally certain that at the writing of these lines he is away ahead of the game with time, and still going.

Sam paid *very* close attention to home for these first two years, and, while he has since traveled around the world, he then clung pretty tightly to a certain amiable old lady, and a bright-eyed old gentleman, who were very fond of him. He was petted and indulged and, well—he got to his seventh year in no time, and then in company with several other young Skypiercers he went under the rule of the pedagogue and undertook the rudiments of that education which has so favored him since. He went to school every day—except when he and the other urchins would go a-fishing or on an occasional bird-nesting or other frolic; for the Skypiercers had their holidays. There were blackberrying time, nutting time, and several other good times, all of which come to innocent, happy school-boys, and will continue to, we hope and believe, while this old world goes round.

An event occurred in his eighth year which is well worthy of being placed on record here, and which goes far to show the indomitable spirit of the lad, and shows, moreover, that remarkable tenacity which has ever since made itself manifest in Mr. Jack as boy and man; for one thing is certain, the character of the man is foreshadowed in the boy and the actions of youth point clearly to what the man of maturer years will be. The man of purpose was a boy of purpose; the easily-set-aside boy becomes a man to be commanded rather

than to command, of course, allowing for the much-quoted "exceptions" found in all rules. We all remember the larks of our school-boy days and the zest with which we entered into them. We remember how some amongst us would dare and do, and others were shy in trying. Who does not remember the game of "Conquers," wherein the boldest of us led the way, let him who dared follow?

"Conquers" is a game for every season. He conquers, who in summer swims the farthest, or dives the deepest; who in winter skates over the thinnest and most treacherous ice. The fall and springtime, too, have their "conquer" periods, and it is of a game of the latter time that the reader will now learn.

Reference was made in the first chapter to the young river which flowed through the valley, and it was there described as it appeared in the calm summer season, but it will be readily understood that in the course of nature and its climatic changes the river was not always smiling. Young as it was, it often frowned. After the climatic congelation of its surface (for it was virtually ice-bound nearly all winter) had given way to the spring sun; and when his vernal rays loosed the erstwhile frozen "cousin" rivers and melted the heavy snows, which, like a glistening bridal veil, had covered all the mountain-sides and tops; then

came the dreaded spring freshet, and our young river with all of its "uncles and its cousins and its aunts," became a broad, roaring, dangerous river that created great havoc, destroying life and property.

It was at this period in our youth's eighth year that he and his comrades made their way to the flood about sundown of an April day. The booming river was a sight to quell the most adventurous; the current plunged at a dreadful rate of speed down the stony valley towards the Allegheny. Of course the boys owned a boat, and as boating could but rarely be indulged in by them, here was an opportunity. At least so it appeared to one of their number—a dare-devil youngster, if ever there was one. This boy, Dick Benton by name, proposed a boat ride.

His companions shrank from the undertaking.

He at once proceeded to unmoor the skiff, saying he would go alone. With the exception of young Sam T. Jack, the boys gathered in a frightened group and held aloof. Not so, however, our hero. He went with Dick to the boat and in a calm, though of course boyish way, attempted to dissuade his comrade from the foolhardy attempt. He pointed out the dangers; called attention to the floating trees, which came tossing down from the mountains, and all the numerous risks to be undertaken.

Nothing daunted, however, "Dare-devil Dick" would not be dissuaded, but determined to venture.

"I did not think you were a little coward," said Dick, who was four years Sam's senior. "I thought you had nerve."

"So I have," said Sam, "but I do not see why I should risk my life foolishly." A taunting remark was Dick's reply and he prepared to shove off the boat.

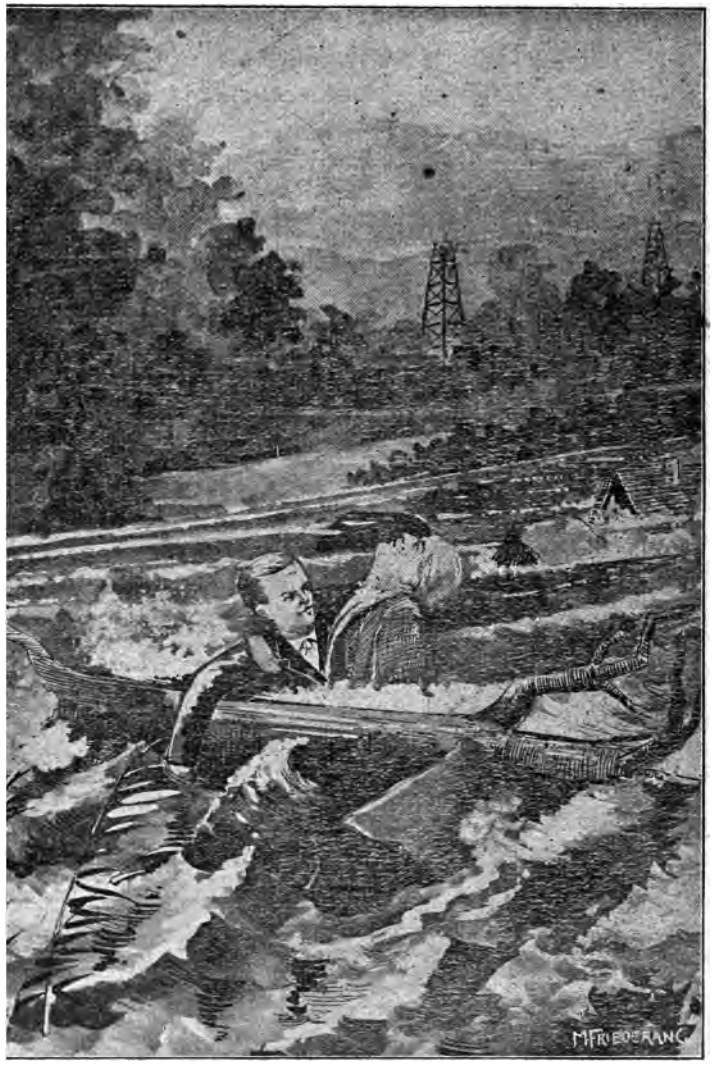
Young Sam begged and pleaded in vain.

"I am going," said Dick, "and that settles it."

Sam looked out upon the raging flood, then up the mountain to his home nestling by the roadside; next into the face of the reckless boy, and then made up his mind. His face was unusually pale, and his lips more firmly set than was their wont as he gazed at his comrade, and prepared to make his last plea.

"Dick," said he quietly, "no *man* could row in there. Please do not go." For an answer Dick prepared to go.

"Stop,"shouted Sam as the boat was just about to leave. "I will not see you go alone. You are my friend and I will prove to you that I am no coward." So saying, he leaped into the boat. For probably twenty yards they glided out smoothly enough, then they struck the great current, and in an instant were whirling and dancing like mad; the boat could no more be controlled by boy or man than the current itself.



"VIRGIN ROCKS."

The faces of the boys were blanched, and as is often the case the one who on shore showed such bravado, rent the air with cries for help, while his young companion, Sam, whom he had taunted and charged with cowardice, quietly looked around for some means of mutual safety. In vain he looked, and in less time than it takes to write it the boys were a quarter of a mile from where they had started, and were heading straight for a group of rocks known as "Virgin Rocks."

Their comrades on shore, whose united cries aroused the entire valley, were soon joined by a concourse of sturdy mountaineers, who on learning the facts, unmoored the heavy "Company boat" (that is, a boat belonging to an iron working and Mining Company), and eight of the mill hands were off to the rescue.

The "Huzzas" from shore which went up for the boatmen were given just as their boat had struck the raging current and was being carried swiftly in the wake of the boys.

But alas! the huzzas died away into an awful cry of horror as the anxious eyes of the on-lookers saw the shell in which the boys were borne dashed against the rocks and overturned.

Side by side the lads gained the surface and vainly endeavored to get hold of the slippery rock. They were danced like corks upon the waves.

"For God's sake, men, pull hard!" shouted the

foreman in the boat,"pull hard! nothing can save those youngsters if we are not up with them soon."

Hither and thither the boys were dashed, but fortunately, for one of them at least, the narrow passage between the rocks kept them close together. Just, however, as their light bodies were carried swiftly through the narrow way, Dick was seen by the vigilant foreman in the boat, to throw up his hands as he was sinking.

But the foreman saw more. He saw young Sam Jack clutch his companion's hair; saw him, while he swam with one hand, hold his comrade's head out of the water with the other, making frantic efforts to reach a floating tree, which, after having been carried down so far by the current, had lodged crosswise between two of the groups of the Virgin Rocks.

How bravely his tender young arm battled with the waves! indeed, were it not for his stout heart, which upheld him, he surely would have gone down. His companion was an insensible load. The foreman saw him reach the tree, and after two or three ineffectual attempts clutch a strong limb and cling to it.

Young Sam's strength was all but gone; his weakened eyes through a watery film saw the rapidly approaching boat, and his saviors; one long gasp he gave; he clutched a tighter hold on his play-mate's head and drew it higher on his

breast, and he fainted. Just at this juncture the boat came; Sam and his burden were saved.

One of the boatmen was Dick's father, and during the perilous trip back he clutched both boys to his breast, hugging first one and then the other, crying alternately: "My Son! My little Hero!" and ever since that day Sam is spoken of in the valley as the "Little Hero."

For long years afterward the boatmen told of their awful stern chase, and how it took their united strength and effort to pull back against the stream.

Dick was conquered.

Sam is conquering still.

CHAPTER III.

FROM SCHOOLBOY TO SOLDIER. OUR SAM SERVES UNCLE SAM. ANOTHER ADVENTURE: THIS TIME A MORE SERIOUS ONE THAN THE LAST.

School days are much alike with all of us and consequently it is not necessary to dwell on the period in which our young man went through his early mental training. He met and conquered Lindley Murray, Ray and Euclid, as he had the playmates with whom he had played, and by the time he reached his eleventh year—a time ever memorable in American history—young Sam was fired with the same military ardor which was shown in his ancestor before referred to, and as he saw the hardy sons of the mountains encamping, drilling and going to "the front," young as he was he panted for action.

But what could he do?

He was but eleven when in 1863 the country was steeped in rebellion; truly he looked to be sixteen, for he was tall and broad shouldered, with a herculean frame that was the envy of many of the

youths with whom he associated, hardy mountaineers as they were.

As a drummer boy he did not care to go; there was no glory in that; he wanted to do something for his country and the flag he had been taught to love. He virtually haunted the "Headquarters" and his ardent young desires were well known to all the officers. There was no better known youth in all the neighborhood than he. Colonel J——, who had command of that military district, was a great admirer of the young patriot and had given him a promise to "show him service" the first opportunity that presented itself.

Well, one night the opportunity came, and Sam, as he ever was and will be while he lives, was in time for it when it arrived. The extreme coldness of the winter of 1863 is still spoken of by the traditional "old inhabitant" of the section in which the Jack family lived. One night in December of that year, a cold, pitiless night, when the snow fell like a fluttering veil, blinding, flurrying, whirling downward in bleak and dismal sheets; such a night as makes the cattle in their sheds get closer together than usual and seemingly converse in low drones; such a night as makes the master and his family gather nearer to the ruddy log of the great country fireplace, and listen to grandpap as he tells of "the days of auld lang syne;" such

a night as makes the rich man sit a-slippered before his glowing grate, sipping his rosy wine, and the poor man thank his God that he has a roof to shelter him, Sam's long wished for opportunity came.

And on this night when every one else on the mountain side but the lonely sentry found the fireside the most comfortable place, he, with the true instinct of the soldier and Skypiercer, made his way down through the blinding snow over the mountain side to the headquarters, which he could have done blindfolded if necessary. He, indeed, made his way as few could have made it, through the night-shroud of snow, guided only by the light on the colonel's tent, which looked through the flying flakes like that uncertain glow emitted from captive fireflies which thoughtless boys imprison in a bottle.

The sentry outside the colonel's tent was white from head to foot; he could just be outlined as he moved, and when for a moment he would stand still he was almost indistinguishable in his whirling white surroundings; the tents of the camp in which there were no lights, having their whiteness lost in the pale wrappings of the night, were completely hidden from sight; while down, pitilessly falling, came the chilling flakes, as Sam, having gone through the usual military form, was standing before the colonel in his tent.

He had entered unnoticed by the officer, who, with bowed head, sat in deep thought at an army desk. As he approached he heard the soldier unconsciously mutter aloud: "They must be taken to Colonel B—— to-night even though the heavens fall, but who is to take them?"

Sam, who had come with the usual question on his lips: "Anything for me yet, Colonel?" was about to withdraw, but when he overheard these words, he purposely tripped over a camp-stool, and thus called the colonel's attention to his presence.

"What! Sam, my boy, you here on a night like this, when all old 'Skypiercer' is asleep! Why, you will never be able to get home."

"I do not mind it, Colonel, I know the road full well."

"No doubt, no doubt," said the colonel half meditatively, "you know everybody hereabouts, do you not, Sam?"

"Nearly every one, sir."

"You knew Hank Thompson, my messenger, who was killed by a fall from his horse and buried yesterday, did you not?"

"Quite well, sir."

"He has a brother Rube, a trusty fellow and a good horseman, I understand. I am in need of such a man to-night, Sam. Can you find Rube for me?"

"Impossible, sir. Rube enlisted in Pittsburg last week and is now in camp in Colonel B——'s division."

"Colonel B——'s division! Why, hang it, there is where I wished to send the man."

"He has evidently anticipated your wishes, sir," said sapient Sam, who was always quick with his tongue, "as he is now there."

A smile played over the face of the officer as he looked at the lad from head to foot, taking in with a true soldier's eye every inch of the stalwart and manly young Hercules before him. "How old are you, Sam?" he asked suddenly, and then without waiting for an answer he continued, as though speaking to himself: "I wish you were older and I would intrust a duty to you."

"I am old enough, Colonel, to do my duty at my country's call."

"Damme, man—that is, I—I—mean boy, but I believe you. You are every inch a soldier! How old did you say you are?"

"Almost twelve, Colonel, in years, fully twenty in experience, and, as I just said, old enough to do my duty when my country calls." Then advancing closer to the old veteran and looking him fairly in the eyes, he continued: "Colonel, I have your promise to be put on service as soon as an opportunity would come. Now, sir, if there is anything in the messenger line—anything—well,

for instance, such as Hank Thompson could do, I can do it, and am both willing and eager to do it."

"Sit down, Sam," and the old man advanced and clasped the hand of the youngster, while he gravely shook his head. "I wish you were twenty and I *would* intrust you with a duty."

"Colonel, you have given me a soldier's word that you would give me the first chance. Give it to me; trust me!"

"But, Sam, this is a hazardous undertaking; you are a mere youth, though a very sturdy one, and I have not your parents' permission; how about that?"

"The children of my father," said Sam, proudly stretching himself to his fullest height, "are the children of his country. Be assured that he will not withhold his permission," and with hands outstretched and eyes ablaze he repeated: "Try me, Colonel."

"Begad I will, Sam. You shall go, boy; sit down."

In less than thirty minutes after the foregoing conversation a high stepping, mettled steed, as black as the night was white, and ridden by a youth who sat, centaur-like, in the saddle, flew through the still falling snow, in which the sound of his footfalls was lost in the heaven-sent cushion which mantled the earth.

Out through the more than whitened tents, past the sleeping soldiers; on through the valley hushed in sleep; down to the open river bank.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"A friend."

"Advance and give the countersign."

The horse and rider pause for an instant, then advancing close to the sentry the rider stoops and whispers into the ear of the sentry the magic word "Lincoln"

The rowels of the rider are sunk in the flanks of the dark steed and like an apparition of the night the horse bounds into the darkness once more, guided by the sure eye and steady hand of the rider.

"Faix thin, I don't envy you your cowld ride, ma-bouchal," said the Irish sentry as he shook the snow from his army overcoat, and proceeded on his monotonous walk, "an' may the Lord have mercy on you if any ov thim thievin' guerrillas run across you. Faix, its little regard they'd have for the life of your mother's son."

At the time of which we write Pennsylvania, or rather that portion of it in which this scene is placed, was infested with the meanest and most bloodthirsty of all the scavengers of war—guerrillas —and from them neither the lives nor the possessions of the ūnion men were safe.

Like the renegade of the Revolution and the early Indian wars, these vampires were found in most unexpected places, and were indeed a sorer trial than the regular confederate forces in the

field, for the first fought like snakes in the grass and the latter like American soldiers, and it was to head off an attack from a large body of guerrillas that Colonel J—— was sending the dispatches to Colonel B—— at a spot which was then one of the largest encampments in the state. There was no Allegheny Valley railroad in those days, and the Redbank road was not thought of. The "dirt" roads were bad at the best of times, but in mid-winter, and on such a night as our messenger rode out into the danger and darkness, they were simply beastly in places and dangerous in many ways. The distance was great, the country through which the young rider had to pass but thinly populated; the bear and wildcat, which indeed are still found there, were then more plentiful than the night traveler desired; and added to all this, here was a youth of scarce twelve years, on a night as bad "in a weathery way," as the Skypiercers would say, as could possibly come, heading into the darkness, carrying secreted about him what would be his death-warrant if the package should be found on him by the marauders above referred to, and rushing into all the other dangers also.

The rider turned almost abruptly to the left after leaving the sentry, and kept as well in from the river as he could, which here for miles runs at the base of the knobs. Surely no night ride that was ever undertaken could have been more

solitary and dangerous. The valley through which the river wound its devious way seemed to be a regular funnel through which the careening winds whistled and fled, howling like so many demons. High on either side rose the steep and rugged mountain sides, and it would seem as if all the elfin sprites of the storm rode abroad that night, and dashed whole gusts of curling snow in the face of the young patriot.

At times when an opening between the giant hills would be reached, or at such places as the broad river abruptly turned, and which in river parlance is known as a "bend," the wind would rise and show where the steepest snowdrifts lay. The bold young rider, who, though he knew every foot of the way, was nevertheless much puzzled by the heavy snow-fall and the rapidly piling drifts through which his horse often waded fetlock deep.

There were times when the stunning darkness would be completely lifted, owing doubtless to the vagaries of the falling sheet, and a ghostly glimmer of light would shine out over the rough road. At such times such objects as could be observed were of a nature to awaken surmise rather than afford assurance to the traveler, so disturbed did they appear in the unnatural and uncertain light—if light it could be called, which was simply a lessening of the darkness, by the thinning and rising

of the snow drapery in a cyclonic scurrying of the wind. Still bravely onward went horse and rider, now stumbling, now slipping, but never falling. A few clear yards were met with here and there where the winds in their very fierceness had actually cleared the earth of its downy covering, and left it bleak, hard and forbidding. But the piercing coldness of the night was ever there; the chilling and whirling winds, first blowing directly in the rider's face, and then veering around to his back or side, but from whatever corner or direction it blew it was always exasperating. Heavily and wearily the night wore away, with no means of telling the passing hour, a fact in itself which always makes time drag slowly, simply because of the uncertainty attending it.

How many times throughout the night the sounds of the storm coming in a confusing manner to the ears of young Sam, caused him to rein in his steed. or possibly withdraw to what was in his judgment the middle of the road and wait to see who was coming; or how many times, from the same cause, he imagined he was being followed we will never know. At many places great rocks overhung the road, and more than once he received a baptism of snow from them as the piling mass shaken by the fierce blasts and the tread of the approaching horse became loosened and tumbled upon him just as he passed.

He was armed with a pair of Colt's regulation revolvers of that period, though not trained in the use of them. However, as far as that goes, there are not a great many men in a hundred, all of whom may be considered good shots, who can place implicit reliance on their pistol aim. But at all events it was not altogether his fellow-men he feared or had cause to fear that night; the warring elements and the uncertain road were there also to contend with.

Slowly and surely the night wore on and although the snow ceased somewhat after midnight, or rather fell in lighter masses, yet it was a most dismal one, and about as lonely as can well be imagined.

Light was what he wanted, and yet probably it was as well to be enshrouded in darkness until he passed by "Brady's Bend," where, the Colonel told him, there were guerrillas in plenty. Now Sam knew a very good place to cross the river a few miles above the bend if he could only tell it in the darkness when he got to it. He was turning this very matter over in his mind and thinking he ought to be near the spot when his quick ear caught the muffled sound of a horse's footfall in the snow. At first he thought it must be another one of the storm's pranks, but reining up he listened carefully and was soon convinced that a horse was approaching. The darkness had lifted consider-

ably from what it had been earlier, and a horseman could be dimly distinguished at a considerable distance, and as there was no place to hide from observation our young hero reined in his steed, looked at his pistols, placed them in readiness for use, and awaited the approaching rider, who in less than a minute came into full view.

Sam's keen young eyes at once recognized "Old Ted," the mail carrier, and his hardy little mountain pony, and cheerily cried: "Hello there, Ted," in a voice which almost frightened the good old fellow out of his senses, but as soon as he recognized Sam his fright gave way to surprise.

"Why, Sammy, boy, what on airth are you a doin' of, way down here at 'Brady's Bend' this early in the mornin', so far from hum?"

"So," thought Sam as he mentally framed an answer for Old Ted which would throw him off the scent, "it *is* early morning, and I am near 'Brady's'—so much the better. Why," said he aloud to his interrogator: "I really didn't know where I was; I have been lost for the greater portion of the night. I started out early after some stray cattle, and becoming bewildered I have spent the night vainly endeavoring to find my way as well as my cattle." He thought it better to tell a little white lie than to make known his business to old Ted, loyal as he knew him to be. "And, now," he continued, "as long as I am near Brady's,

and you say it is early morning, I will keep on down to the bend, and remain at my uncle's, who lives three miles this side of it, near the crossing, until the storm will have spent itself fully. By the way, Ted, how far am I from the crossing?"

"Why, a matter of five miles or so," replied Ted; "keep right on as you air goin'—you kaint miss it. But look here, young man, don't you know that hyarabouts is regular full of guerrillas? Drat it, I hed some mail to deliver right yonder whar you're a goin' and I kem up by Lipsom's Mill, ruther 'an to trust 'em. I've a heap of stuff hyar fur some on em', but I rackon they must wait till to-morrow now. I hain't a goin' back through the snow with it, mebbe to have to hand it over to the goldurned guerrillas."

Now here was an opportunity for Sam and he immediately pounced upon it. Looking innocently at Ted, he said:

"Ted, if you have not too much mail I would like to be of assistance to you, and as I know you have a long day's ride before you, while I will have nothing to do but be of service to you, you might keep right on and give me your mail for down below and I will distribute it for you through the day." Then adding by way of a clincher: "You cannot tell how sorely disappointed some of the folks may be if they are forced to wait until to-morrow for their letters."

Such little sub-letting of mail deliveries as Sam proposed was not at all an unusual thing then in remote places, where the mail was carried over a wide stretch of country by a man on horseback; nor is it yet, where like deliveries prevail. The people usually know each other for miles around, and it is rather the custom than the exception for the mail carrier who meets Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown, either of whom can save him some miles of a ride by carrying the mail for his "deestreect" to hand him over a bundle of it to distribute. A duty, by the way, which is pleasantly performed always with a nicety of precision, and a time schedule oftentimes superior to that of the monotonous trips of Uncle Sam's equestrian minion.

"Well, be gosh! I'm glad you will, Sam! It will save me some trouble, and if it is taken from you, why, hit kain't be helped; en they haint so likely to take it from you ez from me anyhow, so hyar you air!" and suiting the action to the word he unstrapped one of his saddlebags and handed it over to Sam, with the remark: "That thar ez all the mail for thet lower deestreeck. You know 'em all, Sam, and it won't take more'n an hour. Now be keerful and look out for them ther guerrillas."

And they parted, Sam for the crossing and Ted up the river.

With a light heart Sam affixed the saddle

bag, being sure to turn that side up with care which bore the magic letters: U. S. M. "Now," said he, "my chances are bettered, for no matter how frightened Ted may be regarding the matter, I do not think more than one in a hundred of those fellows will interfere with the mail."

Just as he came within sight of the crossing, day began to break in the east, and had he had any idea beyond the sole one which occupied his mind—that of safely carrying his dispatches—he would have seen a glorious sight. The knobs around the river here were not so high nor so numerous as they were at the point where he first took the river road, but for all that they were toweringly majestic. And now as the first mild flush of dawn swept over them, and pierced the interlacing shadows of the gaunt, bare limbed skeleton trees which thickly lined their sides, or lit up the pointed, snow-crowned rocks, until they shimmered like so many stars, fastened to the hills like jewels in a burnished silver diadem, and the azure and purple arch of glorious morn-light hung o'er the brows of the hills, he might have exclaimed with Shakespeare:

"Night's candles are out,
"And jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

But Sam remarked to himself that day was breaking, and nothing more; his mind was on his

duty, and thus thinking he arrived at the crossing and was just turning his horse carefully on the ice to cross the river, when " zip" came a sound quite close to his ear and he knew that a bullet had bid him "Good morning."

Now there are sounds far more pleasant than the " zip" of a bullet close to one's ear, and Sam's musical soul at once recognized that fact. He did not appreciate the matutinal salutation and yet had he followed his first impulse—being nothing if not polite—he would have turned in his saddle and sent a returning "Good morning" in response, but deeming discretion the better part of valor, he sat a little tighter on his horse and never broke from the "lope" at which he was riding.

"Hey, you thar, halt!" shouted a voice from behind.

Sam turned now, and looking back saw, a hundred yards or so up the hill from the river bank, the forms of three armed footmen.

"Guerrillas," said Sam to himself, "but I've got a shade the best of them; I am on horseback and they are on foot." He knew well enough that it would not do to pretend he knew who they were, so bidding them "Good morning" in as cheery a voice as he could muster for that purpose he put the spurs to his horse and was soon out of reach of their muskets. Three shots were fired in suc-



SAM AND THE GUERRILLAS.

cession, at which Sam laughed in his sleeve, thinking they were intended for him.

But they were not.

They were a signal, as he soon discovered, to another lot of ruffians who were in ambush at the side of the crossing to which he was making rapid headway, and he no sooner found himself safe (as he thought) on the river bank than four frouzy looking, unkempt villains leaped out; two to the horse's head and two to his side, with muskets at their shoulders, and held him fast.

Now here was a dilemma.

One look into the faces of his captors satisfied Sam that he was unknown to them and they to him. "I must be cool," he thought, "and appear to be simple as well," and mentally he thanked God for his fortunate meeting with "Ted" and the chance of carrying the mail which the meeting had afforded him.

"Whar be you a-goin' so airly, youngster?" queried one of the scoundrels, lowering his musket and approaching Sam.

"I hain't a goin' nowhere," said Sam, imitating the drawl of his questioner to the veins of nicety, "only jest a carryin' this hyar mail for my old Uncle Ted Williams as hez been took sick, and ez asked me to do it." All this in an open, simple way.

"A carryin' of the mail, eh!" Then looking into

Sam's youthful face he continued, "Why, drat it all, fellers, this hyar is nothin' but a kid! Hain't no sojer—jest a overgrown kid."

His questioner knew (for he had seen him) that an old fellow answering to the name of Ted did carry the mail, so the story of the boy seemed plausible enough.

"Thet thar is the mail; the U. S. mail," said the other musket-holder, examining Sam's mail and saddle-bag combined, then approaching his comrade he whispered in his ear, "en I hain't a goin' to hev nothin' to do with no stoppin' of it."

"But the Cap'n signaled to hold this hyar kid," was the answer.

"Yes," said the other,"kaise he thot the kid was a sojer, en, drat it, so did I when I fust seed him, he's so all fired big. But here comes the Cap'n and the boys now, en we'll soon see."

As he spoke the three men from whom Sam had had the "Good morning" stepped upon the bank, and the leader, a heavily whiskered, low-browed villain, strode up and looked in Sam's face, without uttering a word.

"This hyar kid is a carryin' of the mail, Cap'n," said musket-man No. 2. "He hain't no sojer." And as he talked, he, with the others, stepped aside, all but one who still held to Sam's bridle.

His captors held a whispered consultation, all of which was lost on Sam's quick ears but one

expression which ran as follows: "Wall, war or no war, thet thar is but a kid, and he hez the mail, the U. S. mail, en I hain't a goin' to trifle with it. We hain't sojers, nuthin' but guerrillas. We can't go too fur. Ef he was a sojer hit would be different, but he's jest a simple kid."

The party then moved toward Sam and he was put through quite a lot of questioning by the one called "Cap'n" by his fellows; but as every question was met with a straightforward and seemingly simple reply, and as Sam complained very bitterly of the cold, he rather won the sympathy of the "Cap'n" than otherwise; and yet "Cap" was bound to have a look at the mail bag and see "thar wasn't no damn sojer stuff thar." Sam willingly complied when ordered to open it, and after it was carefully scrutinized, he turned to the Cap'n, saying:

"Now, *Colonel*, ef it is likker er anything like thet you all air searching fer jes go ahead and try me. I'll swar I hain't got nothing."

This speech mightily pleased the "Cap'n." It made a colonel of him and it showed him how simple a lad Sam was, and as he thought he ought to be a colonel and *knew* Sam was a simple lad he just laughed and shouted in a would-be stern tone:

"Git an to your nag, and tote your goldurned letters, Sonny, en don' come around hyar no more

lookin' like a sojer at daybreak in the mornin'."

Sam was wise enough to show no hurry in going, so stopping to beat his arms across his breast and tighten his saddle-girth before starting, he listened to the "Cap'n" telling the boys to take to the hills and keep on down the river on "tother side." He mounted leisurely, calmly gave them a "Good morning," and rode at a gentle lope until he came to a bend in the road.

As he was now out of sight of the fellows and the snow lay hard, flat, and not nearly so deep as in the river valley, and as his road lay inland over a rolling country for the rest of the way, he determined to make what headway he could and reach the camp by sunset at the latest; so to that end and as he had received injunctions from Colonel J—— to stop nowhere, on any account whatever, he started forward briskly.

The night had told on horse and rider and they felt worn, tired and jaded as they went down the long white road, heading straight by a short cut for the camp which still lay many miles away.

Sam had a boy's appetite and could not help thinking of the nice breakfast to which his family were just about to sit down, as he calculated. He saw them all just as they were and thought of the anxious query of his mother for "Sammy."

A tear stole down his cheek as he beheld her, in the mirror of his thoughts, vainly searching for

her boy, and for a moment he regretted his military ardor and his volunteering as a messenger. But he knew the Colonel was to have word sent to his father the first thing in the morning and he knew that neither the mother of the Maccabees nor that brave Spartan mother who bade her son return with his shield, or on it, was braver than his mother. "I know she will commend my action," said he, "and I am glad I came," and spurring the tired black to greater efforts he flew over the ground, to neither stop nor stay before reaching the camp. The morning passed pleasantly enough, Sam meeting but few persons on the road, but after twelve o'clock a change took place in the weather, a heavy sleet began to fall, which for a time made the road so slippery that it was almost impassable, but the horse had been "sharp-shod" the day previous, and the snow of course had not worn off the edges of the shoes, but the sleet was cold and clammy, the horse was tired, hungry, and dry, he could not follow Sam's "tip" and swallow the snow to quench his thirst, and he so plainly showed his weakness that Sam feared for the life of the noble animal. Sam's big coat fairly clung stiffly to him, and every moment he became more faint. But he kept forging ahead.

At sundown he sighted the camp, not more than two miles from where he stood. From the hill-top it looked even nearer, but so worn out was his

horse that night had fairly set in before Sam handed the packet to Colonel B—— and fainted in the arms of an orderly.

We will pass over the compliments paid him by the Colonel; his admiration for Sam's jugglery with the mail, and the quick dispatch with which he had him cared for; and only say that three days later Sam, the little patriot, was welcomed home again to Skypiercer.

CHAPTER IV.

SAM AS A SPECULATOR. HE BORES FOR OIL AND FINDS IT. HE RESCUES A FELLOW MAN FROM DROWNING AND ALSO SAVES HIM FROM FINANCIAL RUIN.

We concluded the last two chapters with Sam in a fainting condition. We couldn't help it because nature had overcome him and we are truthful chroniclers, and therefore tell things just as they happened, but there is an old saying that the "third time is the charm," and as Sam lost his senses twice he must have been afraid of the third time lest they would leave him for good and all, so he determined to faint no more; at all events we know he has never lost his senses since, but on the contrary he has added to all five of them, and after all they are a good thing to have under a man's hat. For about eighteen months following the night described in the last chapter he did his country service as a messenger and met with many adventures, which space forbids us telling here.

From his fifteenth to his seventeenth year Sam attended a boarding school or private college, from which he emerged full of honors and ready to cope with anything in a business way with any one.

Just about this time the oil-fever had taken a firm hold on his native town and the surrounding country, and fortunes were being made and lost in a breath.

To a youth of Sam's temperament nothing could have been better. Here was a chance to show his metal and see what he was made of.

Speculators flocked into Pennsylvania from all over the United States. Land went up to balloon prices. "Moneybags," with his divining rod, his engineer, and his dollars, just fairly swarmed into "the land of milk and honey." Everything was at fever heat; nothing was thought about or spoken about but "Oil, Oil, Oil!" The oleaginous disorder took a firm hold of Sam and ere long the side of old "Skypiercer," which never before in the memory of man had been bored, was being jammed into, aye, being bored ever so deeply until it was forced to give in, and cast forth its precious holding, and lo! Sam had "struck it rich," as the saying went, none of his wells being less than 500 barrel a day fellows, and whether he was awake or asleep they kept pouring out dollars for him. He always worked on the individual plan. He never took a partner in any enterprise, never formed a company or an organization, but always firm and self-reliant he went on.

Derrick after derrick went up, as well by well went down; and in the valley what was a few

years before a little village had grown to be quite a substantial town, a big, bustling, thriving American town, such as no other country ever did produce, and on the main corner of the main block, a modest sign read:

SAM T. JACK, OIL BROKER.

In a sumptuous suit of offices clerks were busy all the livelong day. In the rear office, márked "private," sat a tall, broad shouldered young man, nearly six feet in height and built in proportion, who would weigh nigh onto two hundred pounds; a frame all bone and muscle, without an ounce of superfluous flesh and with the heart of an ox. His frame was surmounted by a firmly poised head covered with plentiful hair of raven blackness, from beneath which a smooth forehead rose, dome-like, over a pair of keen black eyes, which even in those early days always left an impression upon people upon whom they were bent that they were *speaking* to them; an aquiline nose, firmly set mouth, good square chin and lower jaw, indicative at once of firmness and capability, and over all a white complexion—a living white almost akin to paleness, yet with a peculiar healthy tint, made up his picture, and the young man was Mr. Sam T. Jack, land-owner, well-owner, speculator and broker, ready to do business in a minute and always doing it.

He would sell a well, or buy or sell a dozen wells at the beat of a pump, or put ten thousand barrels of oil on the market while you were saying "Jack Robinson," and figure out his margin with an accuracy which made others fear to clash against him.

He was wise enough in his day and generation to know that there is a crisis in all fevers, and that it is well to be prepared. He knew that in speculative fevers men went down very quickly, and when he saw the mercantile mercury climbing higher and higher, and the market becoming delirious, he diagnosed his case—unloaded—and when the crash came and the dead lay thick around the mountains, with crumbling derricks looking bare and lone, like masts of dismantled ships, standing as shaky monuments over fallen fortunes, Mr. Jack had never a grave in all that crowded commercial cemetery; he was safe, he had plenty of money, plenty of credit and in the commercial marts of the country this legend ran: "Sam T. Jack, A1."

During a financial crisis such as that above referred to men become delirious, that hidden fount within the human heart from which flows the milk of human kindness becomes closed at times in the very best of breasts.

Selfishness and ingratitude, the two worst sins "in scarlet writ" on the black calendar, take full

possession, and like noxious weeds grow up an choke the pleasant flowers of good-fellowship an charity; man becomes crazed with a desire fo gain, and thinks of nothing, dreams of nothing lives for nothing but that.

So it was during the oil fever. Every man fo himself, the strongest and the shrewdest crowde the weaker brethren to the wall. Commercia gambling, stock manipulating—that greatest curs of this fair land—was turning Pennsylvania int a veritable Monaco; men who went to bed rich a night, awoke paupers in the morning, and no hee was paid to them. Their friends, if they had any were too deliriously immersed in the game to pa anything like attention to anything but their ow stakes, and so the fallen disappeared in the maelstrom.

One night after a hard day's business Mr. Jack as was his custom, took a stroll down to the river, and long after the daylight had faded out of the sky, and the stars shone in their orbits through impenetrable space; when the moon had risen high and bright in the heavens, and all nature seemed at rest; when the mountains hid their cloud-capped heads in their own darkness and the river flowed with scarcely a ripple disturbing its surface; when it required a stretch of the imagination to think that man alone was mad and discontented, with an eternal striving after Mammon—Mr. Jack still



SAM SAVES A DROWNING MAN.

walked, and it was well for one man and those who loved him that he did.

He had probably gone a mile down that same river road along which he had sped, when a boy, over the snow carrying Colonel J——'s dispatches, when suddenly rounding a bend, he beheld a man, coatless and hatless, leap with a maddening cry into the Allegheny.

Mr. Jack was always brave; it took but a moment to cast his coat and hat to the winds and then plunge after the would-be suicide. He regained the side of the man, and attempted to drag him in shore, but was met with furious fighting by the other.

"Let me go, young man," said he, "let me go. I am ruined; I desire to die."

Mr. Jack paid no attention to the wild words of the unfortunate man, who, being many years his senior—indeed, an old man with silvery hair, he found no great difficulty in mastering, so he soon had him safe on shore.

It was the story then growing old—speculation—ruin—despair and a desire for peace.

Paper would be presented in the morning which, if it could be met, meant fortune to him, but it could not, and it meant ruin. Several thousand dollars were required, and he had at last given it up. Mr. Jack held tightly to the arm of the old gentleman, and leisurely walked him back to town, then down

to the main block, aye! even under the modest sign which read: "Sam T. Jack, Oil Broker." They entered the office and half an hour later when the old man with the silvery locks came out and let the moonlight play upon his white head, he looked ten years younger than when he entered. He looked up at the heavens with a smile upon his handsome old face, and his lips moved in silent prayer. He prayed for a young man who had pressed into his hand a folded piece of paper, bearing five figures upon it, and a name in the lower right hand corner. The old man was the foreman who a few years before had swiftly guided the boat after a couple of drowning boys —and saved their lives, and the name in the lower right hand corner of the cheque was that of one of the boys saved—Sam T. Jack.

CHAPTER V.

FROM MAMMON TO THESPIS. "THERE'S MILLIONS IN IT." ESTABLISHES FIRST PENNSYLVANIA THEATRICAL CIRCUIT. SUCCESSFUL MANAGEMENT OF THAT PRINCE OF ACTORS AND GENTLEMEN, JOHT T. RAYMOND, AND OTHERS.

In a great country like this, the greatest under the glowing sun, the quickest to start a financial boom and the quickest to swing it loose; the land of "gold fevers," "land fevers," "oil fevers," and other mercurial mercantile disorders—the oil fever was merely an incident, and as far as disturbing the onward progress, or the supersealed stability of our commercial standing, it was no more than the soap bubble which laughing children toss gaily on the wings of a vernal zephyr, and watch through an ephemeral existence of a few brief moments until it fades into very nothingness on the face of the tiniest of sun-rays.

On the fifth year following Mr. Jack's retirement from the oil fields we find him, therefore, forgetting them, as it were, and deep in a line of business as far from oil as the Arctic from the Antarctic Zone; and yet a business in which he was des-

tined to make a name and fame as enduring as old rock-ribbed "Skypiercer" itself, and which the iconoclastic finger of old Father Time will never erase from that scroll of undying fame which poets tell us is ever in the right hand of fair Thespis, a fame which has made his name as well known as that of any man in all this broad land, and which has been so long and so much before the public, ever coupled with success, that to mention it is to mention a synonym for all that is great and successful in his line, — the only name in this country linked indissolubly with the most peculiar and fascinating of all the various forms of dramatic art; that branch in which satire, reason, folly, music, loveliness and the highest form of the spectacular are at once combined—burlesque; and of that realm of dreamy, delicious, ever-smiling art Sam T. Jack has for a quarter of a century been King

Apropos of fame: the printer is to the public what the valet is to My Lord—the repository of secrets. The printer "sets up" and reads everything from the innermost secrets of the masonic ritual to the President's message which is to be held in abeyance, or the real dates of opposing circuses, and tells nothing. He is in possession of as many of the public's secrets at times as the family doctor is of the progeny of Mr. Brown, or the family lawyer is of the affairs of Mr Smith, and

while he is not always held in the same esteem which characterizes the members of those two learned professions, no one can gainsay the fact that as an *entre nous* encyclopedia, a thesaurus of secrecy, so to speak, the printer is entitled to that esteem.

He knows "what's what" if he doesn't speak until he is bidden, and to prove that he does, and that he can speak out and to the point when he is bidden is illustrated by the following incident:

The Typographical Union of America held a convention a short time ago in a city not a thousand miles away from Chicago, and after the usual routine business consequent upon conventions had been gone through the boys fell into a reminiscent mood. Now never let the idea run away with you, reader, that the typos in convention aren't all around reminiscent animals either; they have more anecdotes to the square inch than would build a pyramid of paragraphs that would make Cheops hide his hoary head; and on this occasion, we repeat, the boys in convention assembled were reminiscent.

After much "qualifying" the "Memory gag" came up; great men had but a short time before been the theme:

"Whose name, to the best of your remembrance, did you set up the greatest number of times last year?" said the president, expecting, of course,

to hear the name of one of the great statesmen just under discussion. "Sam T. Jack's," yelled a score of voices. And when the president came to it required nice distinction, deep diplomacy and a genius of calculation, to select which one of the scores of flasks which were pointed at him would be the thing for the occasion. But he knew the boys were right, and as straws show which way the wind blows, why, there you are.

But to return to Mr. Jack's professional debut. We find him one year after the oil business, as we said before, in the dramatic line.

He at first opened an opera house at Oil City, Pennsylvania, and for the season of '72 gave the city such a list of attractions as it had never dreamed of. Nothing was too good for the public. All the metropolitan successes of the season were booked by him, and, what was better, the public not only got the worth of its money, but the box office receipts were simply immense, and everybody was pleased.

But one theater was no more to the new manager than one oil well would have been when oil had claimed his attention, and the next season he opened another opera house in Titusville, whither his fame had gone before him, and he duplicated his professional and financial successes and won for himself not only the plaudits but the shekels of the community and the admiration of the visit-

ing managers, who were, in nearly all cases, clamorous for a "return date."

That season opened, Mr. Jack was a very busy man, for he had also built an opera house in Franklin, and was prepared to treble his successes, and had likewise taken under his astute management that most eccentric genius, admirable actor, and faultless gentleman, since deceased, Mr. John O'Brien (or, professionally, Mr. John T. Raymond), in a play born of the feverish speculation of the times, and one which the last generation most liberally patronized: "There's Millions In It."

Properly speaking, the play was the "Gilded Age" by "Mark Twain," in which Mr. Raymond created his famous character, "Colonel Mulberry Sellers." After the second year with Raymond eleven more theaters were added to the circuit.

The manager to whom is due the credit of first opening an unbroken circuit of theaters in this country, over which the same attractions could be played, thereby bringing the profession and the public closer together than ever before to their mutual interest, therefore, is Mr. Sam T. Jack.

For four successive years Mr. Raymond remained under Mr. Jack's management, and each succeeding season proved more profitable than the last, but Mr. Jack was looking for a wider range for his capabilities, and in '80 he entered the ranks of light opera and at once leaped to the front.



JOHN T. RAYMOND, AS COL. SELLERS.

Many myopic managers have claimed that luck (that handy synonym for pluck, energy and perseverance) followed him in his ventures. So it did, but it was luck which he moulded with busy hands, and busier brain; luck which he found hidden under obstacles which only his indomutable energy could remove; luck which is forever for the man who knows how to make it. Luck is prosperity, and prosperity is the fruit of ceaseless, wisely directed, intelligent labor. Right now, as we write, Mr. Jack, his theaters, his road companies, and the other lines of business in which he is interested are filled with such luck; all due to his energy and clearsightedness, coupled with a wonderful talent for organizing, and a rare executive ability, which on a battle field would make a Grant or a Napoleon.

Mr. Jack is now known as the first among burlesque managers, but it must not be inferred from this that his talents in a business way lie altogether in this direction; he knows a good piece of real estate when he sees it, and can make several dots on the map of Chicago and say: "That spot is mine."

But this is digressing; we will return to our narrative.

His first venture in light opera was with Miss Alice Oates, a young lady whose equal has never since her demise graced the American stage, and



ALICE OATES

from '80 to '84 he piloted the Alice Oates Comic Opera Co., to financial success, and played the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the lakes to the Gulf, meeting with ovations almost everywhere. The step from light opera to burlesque was an easy one for him, and the result of it was the Lilly Clay Colossal Gaiety Company which he organized in 1885, and which he still owns and manages. This company is probably one of the best money-makers on the road to-day, and has always been so. Many famous burlesque stars of the present time owe their first appearance to Mr. Jack in this company. He was, and is, forever seeking "good people," and he has the happy faculty of selecting latent talent where it would be overlooked by its possessor or others.

The Lilly Clay Company always bears evidence of this, and is and has been a rare collection of artists since it was first exploited. It was his first love in the burlesque business; it laid for him the foundation of the fortune he now possesses; and it is safe to say that he is one of the richest managers in the burlesque line to-day.

In a business in which there is so much competition there is a world of work required to keep in the front, and it can be readily seen that he is not an idle man when we say that he personally superintends the rehearsals of all companies he



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AUTHOR.

organizes, selects the performers and the acts, as well as the music. His knowledge of the details of the business is surprising, and is fully equal to his wide experience. He is a perfect master of stage-craft, he can lead in all things but leading the orchestra, and it is doughnuts to red apples that he could do that if he was pushed. He overlooks everything connected with the movements of his houses and companies with a keen eye and is always at his post doing it. The result is, as we have stated above, that he can sign the biggest kind of a check and write under his signature, "Earned by myself."

The venture which followed the Lilly Clay show was an innovation at which the wiseacres among the managers, and several other doubting Thomases shook their heads and prognosticated dire disaster. Shakespeare was never wiser than when he wrote the line: "What fools these mortals be!" This venture was the great Creole Company, which he opened in Haverhill, Mass., in the Academy of Music on Aug. 4th, 1890, and from that date to the present it (in show parlance) has been "a ten time winner." The following, which we clip bodily from a Washington, D. C., newspaper, appeared on the 2nd day of April, 1891, and was widely copied throughout the country.

"One of the boldest showmen of the age is Mr. Sam T. Jack. He is a man of ceaseless vigor and

rare intellectual gifts, and has achieved remarkable success in a pursuit to which he has applied himself with zeal and industry. He is recognized as the most successful manager of female organizations in the world, and exercises an influence over the spoiled, capricious burlesquer which many a manager has tried in vain to attain. He has been identified with Lilly Clay's Colossal Gaiety Co. for many years, but has recently launched other enterprises upon the troubled theatrical seas. He is now proprietor of the Madison Street Opera House, Chicago, Ills., and of the Ada Richmond Folly Co. His pet attraction is the Creole Burlesque Co., of which he is the sole originator."*

"I appreciate my Creole Company because I worked hard to get it together," said Mr. Jack in a late interview. "You probably have little idea of the difficulties encountered in organizing an attraction like that."

"Well, perhaps not. Was it your own idea?"

"Yes, and with my Creoles, I have Cubans,

*It was but a short time after the appearance of this article that Mr. Jack organized his Forty Thieves Co., the "Big" Burlesque Co., the Mazeppa Co., and the French Spy Co., all of which followed each other on the road in rapid succession; and on the following year he leased the Eighth Street Theater in Philadelphia, and also organized Sam T. Jack's Big Brazilian Co. All of these road shows he now owns and controls, as well as the Empire, afterwards the U. S. Theater, Chicago, which he leased in 1893. AUTHOR.

Caribbeans and others from semi-tropical lands. Do you know, I spent weeks down in those places searching for material. They are so jealous of the fair natives down there that it is almost worth a man's life to carry one of them away. I was accompanied by trusted agents and we were watched with undisguised suspicion. We were repeatedly prostrated with fevers, being unaccustomed to the climate, and the natives felt so unfriendly towards us that we had to make a little hospital of our own. I wonder even to-day how we escaped alive. As to money—you might as well try to bribe the Pope. I offered an equatorial chief more money than he had ever before made in his life for the services of his two daughters for one season in the States, and he turned upon his heels, with fire in his eyes, and said:

"'No, sir! not for all the ships on the seas. I'd kill them first!'

"The result was we had to use strategy, and gathering together such of the fair ones as were willing, we folded our tents like the Arabs and silently stole away."

"Weren't you pursued?"

"We had about fourteen hours' start and were safely stowed away in our steam yacht before the natives realized what had taken place."

"How did you fare in your search for Egyptian beauties, who, I notice, divide the honors with the Creole belles?"

"Oh, much better, much better. While in Egypt we came in contact with a much higher order of civilization. The Egyptian beauty appreciates gold, and is willing to earn it honestly. The most trouble I had in the Orient was in securing my four Eunuchs."

"Why? I should think it would be easier to secure the men than the women."

"Not so; at least with that class of men. Understand me, the Eunuchs, while they are but menials, are priceless, and cannot be bought by the 'Christian dog.'"

"Then how did you secure yours?"

"I played a ruse on the Sultan, in which I was supposed to have done him a valuable service. My price was four of his brightest Eunuchs. He hesitated, but I had him in such shape that he could not refuse. He gave them. I, therefore, brought to this country the first that ever appeared here. They are very useful to me."

"In what way besides as artists?"

"Well, they are quiet and experienced and make good servants. They do not bother the women. My company of ladies travel on a special car, or on my own special train sometimes, when I run companies over the same territory, and my Eunuchs take up the same position precisely which they formerly occupied in the Harem of the Sultan in the far off Orient. They are big, strapping,

good natured fellows, and my ladies are perfectly safe under their care. They are always on guard."

"Do your ladies ever have cause for alarm?"

"Not on my special car, usually, but they are frequently harassed elsewhere by the *genus homo* known as the masher. We have strict discipline, however, both at the theaters and on our traveling coaches. I permit no deviation from my rules. I have never had any rebellion in any of my companies. My ladies comply with all of my requirements, but should any one of them disobey them, I would not hesitate to discharge her and send her home, no matter how good she may be. Every one knows me to be an iron-handed disciplinarian."

The press of the country paid a great deal of attention to the Creole show and showered encomiums upon it wherever it appeared. We clip another article from a Washington paper, issued the same week as the above.

"Sam T. Jack's Creole Burlesque Company is the attraction at Kernan's Lyceum Theater this week. This attraction is a genuine novelty. It is the first, only and original Creole organization. Sam T. Jack, the well known manager of Lilly Clay, is the originator, and he has added many new features to the show since he exploited it. The Creole belles divide the honors with the daughters of the Nile in an entertainment possess-

ing the merit of freshness. There are vivacious vocalists, graceful dancers, and merry burlesquers, who, together with clever comedians, make up a highly attractive program. A rich scene of the sunny tropics is reproduced in 'Tropical Revels,' the resplendent opening. Magnificent stage setting, gorgeous scenery, and novel mechanical effects combine to complete a picture of enchantment which seems too fanciful to be real, but which is a faithful portrayal of the natural luxuriance of the picturesque land of the Creole.

"Beautiful tableaux are introduced, strange sweet songs are sung, and graceful and sentimental dances are executed. In the olio many novel specialties are presented, including the gavotte and grand ensemble, Egyptian pastimes, Creole revelries, vocalists, comedians, acrobats, and fairy like enchantresses in light and gaudy costumes.

"A highly entertaining dancing contest concludes the entertainment, introducing many clever terpsichorean artists. In a word, the program is an exceedingly brilliant and unique one, and such as was never presented on a Washington stage before."

But it is not always plain sailing with the Creoles, as an incident which happened in New York City while the show was playing the Standard Theater on Broadway goes far to show. The big

show played the big house for fifty consecutive nights, and weekly Mr. Jack changed the program, and rushed new scenes from the land of flowers, where he had an agent situated who was constantly on the lookout for novelties.

On one occasion he had sent up from Havana, Cuba, a young lady whose beauty was startling, and whose romantic career is given below as clipped from one of the New York dailies of that time:

"Sam T. Jack's Creole Company lost a star from the Standard Theater last night. Onez Pasquale, one of the handsomest women ever seen on the metropolitan stage, and a singer almost equal to Jenny Lind in her palmiest days, left the company, and in company with Ferdinand Yznaga, a young Cuban, took a Morgan line steamer for New Orleans, from which point, after being wedded, they will sail for Cuba. Their meeting in New York was a surprise to both. For some years Miss Pasquale had mourned for Yznaga as dead, for his death had been reported to her by a jealous, envious acquaintance. Ferdinand was told by the same person that she had run away with another man and it almost drove him insane. Our readers will remember that a Cuban war—one of the many revolutions which occur with spasmodic irregularity, but astonishing frequency, had broken out a couple of years before Mr.

Jack's show played at the Standard. In this revolution the father of Onez, and her lover also, joined the royalists and fought the rebels. After an engagement in which her father was killed, she received the news of his death and also that of her lover. The first report was right but the jealous rival started the second, and endeavored to gain the young lady's hand thereby, but failed.

"So importunate did he become, however, that as much to rid herself of his loathed presence as anything else, and in the vain hope of forgetting her grief, she signed a contract with Mr. Jack's agent and came north, where she essayed to sing away her grief and forget her troubles in the glare of the footlights. When the young officer and lover returned from the war the false tale was told him, that his sweetheart had gone north with a New York man, and was false to her plighted vows. Forgetting everything but a desire for revenge which almost consumed him, he started at once for New York, determined to slay the seducer of his love. He sought for her at all public gatherings, on the drives and boulevards of the gay metropolis, everywhere, in fact, for he was sure she was leading a gay life; but of course he did not find her. The bills of the Creole Company attracted his attention, and thinking that a sight of home scenery would do him good he attended one of the performances. What was his surprise

to see in the lead and away ahead of all the rest, his own love, and hear her sing the one song on all earth he loved the best. Forgetful of time, place, everything but the beautiful being before him, he sprang to his feet, in the big crowded Broadway theatre, with his hot tropic blood firing his veins, and shouted:

"'*Onez! Onez, Mia Ami*, I am here! Your Frederick is here!'

"There was a tumultuous house, a fainted diva, a mad lover rushing on the stage over the heads of the players in the orchestra, and a manager mad as a march hare, who grasped the excited Cuban and held him as in a vise, demanding an explanation. Fortunately the young man was accompanied by one of New York's four hundred who was personally known to Mr. Jack. Explanations followed, the trio sought the stage, where more explanations, of course, punctuated by endearing embraces, followed, and—well, everything was explained happily, and that is why the party sailed away, a happy party, and why Mr. Jack and the members of the company filled two staterooms with orange blossoms and other good things yesterday."*

*We learned soon after that young Ferdinand called out the rival who started the infamous report and in the *duella* laid him dead upon the sward. It was soon settled; it is a way they have of doing things in that country, and we, for one, believe that they are right. AUTHOR.

We have no more to say, only to add that as rich as the lady is who inherits her father's millions, she is not a whit richer than young Ferdinand, and he now holds a very prominent position in his native land very near the seat of government.

CHAPTER VI.

A RIVER RENCONTRE. A MISSISSIPPI MELEE.

In the year '73 Mr. Jack put his Flotilla, or Floating Theater, on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and their tributaries and for a period of four years, during which time he managed his circuit of theatres, he visited the river country, playing every landing of note up and down, and down and up the rivers. Money was plenty and good shows were scarce, there having been no floating palace on the river since the redoubtable Dan Rice, of circus fame, had withdrawn his show from the face of the Father of Waters. Many adventures were met with during the time the Flotilla held the river, for in some sections of what is termed "The Coast" lawlessness was pretty rife. The "hanger-on" around the levee in the smaller river towns is usually a tough of the first water, upon whom reasoning is lost, and persuasion can only be enforced by physical punishment. Were we to recount here a third of the melees into which, through no fault of the company, the show people were actually forced, from sheer necessity of self-preservation, to extreme measures, this book could not

contain them. Sometimes the show would go for months at a time without a single incident happening to mar the pleasure and profit of the tour. And then again "stand" after stand would be the scene of row after row. White labor was being extensively introduced into the south at that time, and wages paid monthly. The flat-boat fiend, who is ever on the alert, and who is as well posted on the pay-days on the various "jobs" as the men themselves, invariably runs in to the bank and ties up with a cargo of the vilest whisky, and oftentimes a living female cargo far more vile, and he is no sooner there, than, to use an expression much in vogue down the river, "hell breaks loose." Nothing less expressive than this trite sentence can tell the truth, and therefore, when Mr. Jack's Flotilla would be booked in a neighborhood where hades was thus cavorting, it was a natural result that "them thar show critters" came in for their share of the trouble.

The Flotilla showed at many a landing where nine-tenths of the audience would have no reluctance in saying that they would "heap ruther fight 'n eat," and with a recklessness bordering on insanity, would make manifest that penchant, in a manner peculiar to themselves, and simply abhorrent to others. Those fellows, strictly speaking, were not southerners, but the riff-raff, *hoi polloi* from north, south, east and west, who were re-

gardless alike of law and order, and finding themselves without the rigor of the former, or the restrictions of the latter, showed their brutal natures whenever and wherever an opportunity presented itself, and the merest trifle was often made the occasion, as the following incident will show:

During one of the down-river trips of the Flotilla the National Government was building the Grand Levee on the Mississippi side of the river and several thousand "hard cases" were at work along the bank. Of course, there were amongst them many honest, peaceable, hard-working men who had gone south that winter that their wages might be earned and sent north to support their families; but the ruffianly element was the strongest, and usually carried things with a high hand when they had a cargo of "rotgut" whisky in their hides, stopping at nothing less than bloodshed, and oftentimes murder.

Mr. Jack had had several bouts with those gentlemen and of so serious a nature that he was forced to apply to the governor of the State for permission to carry firearms with which to protect himself and his company and crew under his charge. Including pilots, engineers, himself, captain, and the other officers, there were fifty-four males and fourteen females on board his steamboat, the "La Belle Creole," and one of the duties

—by no means the least—of the male portion of the boat's equipment, was the regular morning drill, at which all hands were put through "the motions" according to Hardee's latest tactics, and some additional movements necessary for the marine defense, which, of course, Hardee was in no way accountable for. There was: "Massed protection for bow," "for stem," "amidships," " line guard," "pilot protection," "plank guard," " charge for repulse," and others, all of which Mr. Jack, as Captain, military and marine, had to devise and teach his little army. Right well did all hands enter into this duty also, for they felt that at any moment they might be called upon to protect their lives and property. Previous to this time a desperate struggle had occurred between the leveemen and the company, and the members of the latter, being then unarmed and having been taken by surprise, suffered the loss of four of their number. This occurred several months before the incident below narrated, and so easy was it for the leveemen to rout the showmen that they actually gloated over the arrival of pay-day and the show.

Well, both arrived.

The show was billed to appear at a well known landing a few miles below Greenville, a place at which a large force was at work, and the manager had selected his stand at the landing below the

work, knowing that while the leveemen would come down the river to the show, the residents at and around the landing would not go up to the work to see it, and thus he killed two (financial) birds with one stone. Then again, he hoped that being away from their own quarters, the leveemen would not be so prone to fight, but they were.

As reserved-seat tickets had been on sale a week previous to the night of the entertainment, at "the store," at the landing, the people of the little hamlet and the neighbors around had purchased them, and so had the choice seats near the stage and well astern. They came to the show early—in fact they always do in that section—and as the leveemen, who turned out in a large number, had several miles to come, they were restricted to places further forward on the boat. The performance went on smoothly enough, with the exception of some noise now and then, caused by the arrival of a group of leveemen, who had tarried at the flat-boat and stores to imbibe for the occasion. Nothing of a serious nature occurred, however, until about 10 o'clock, when two row-boats from the work came down, bringing in all about twenty tough customers, ten in each boat. The flat-boat visit had detained them, and left its impress on them too.

At first Captain Jack thought seriously of not letting them aboard the Flotilla at all, and would

not have done so, but that one of the government bosses said he thought it wiser to let them see the show, and added that he would first exact a promise from them to behave themselves. "You see, Captain," said he, "there are probably four revolvers in that crowd and their owners would think nothing of pulling away from the boat, and shooting indiscriminately into the audience, thereby endangering the lives of the women and children aboard."

As there was reason in this, and moreover as the sheriff of the county was present and agreed with the "boss," it was decided to let them aboard, after having exacted a promise of good behavior from them.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Jack, addressing the "boss" and the sheriff: "Understand me plainly, that if those men will start a fight on my steamer and endanger the lives of the people in my audience and my company I will make it a dear fight for them. We have their promise to remain quiet and I hope they will do so. Otherwise I am on the side of law and order, and will observe the one by creating, if need be with arms, the other." He then showed them the Governor's permission for his men to carry arms, explained how his men were drilled, and reiterated his determination to uphold his position. "I will call upon you, sheriff, as an executive officer, in case of lawlessness, and you, sir," turning to the boss,

"as from your position, you may in case of a disturbance exert some influence over your men."

Both gentlemen arranged themselves on the side of the law.

While this conversation was taking place, the late arrivals had been admitted and because of the lateness of the hour free of charge, for the show was nearly through. But they no sooner discovered that the show was nearly over than they had the entire balcony in a hubbub, with their disorderly shouts and cries. Their spokesman, a great giant of a fellow in green jeans stuffed into cowhide boots, a red flannel shirt, the sleeves of which were rolled to his elbows, a leather belt around his waist, long curling hair which fell in a mass over his shoulders, and arms, neck and face as brown as a berry, rose to the full height of his six feet two, and in a voice which, but for its huskiness, would have done credit to Forest, shouted:

"Begin the goll-darned thing over again. We-uns hain't a seen ov it yit. We-uns will have fun or fight." He was joined with renewed shouts by his fellows until a veritable pandemonium was created, and it become simply impossible for the actors to proceed. Captain Jack leaped to the stage, fully aware that the disorderly element would never quit the boat without a fight, for he had not for an instant placed the least confidence

in their promise, and had it exacted simply to place himself right in the eyes of the sheriff; therefore he determined to carry the day (or rather the night) with a stroke of diplomacy. In a voice, if possible, more stentorian than that of the picturesque and pugnacious giant, he called the house to order. He then, for he had fully determined on his course, in well chosen words said that it was against the rules to give more than one performance on any one night, and he felt sure, he said, there were several persons present, especially ladies, gentlemen and children from the neighborhood, who preferred retiring after the performance—now delayed—would be over; and on the other hand, as it was evident to him there were several present who, having come late, were desirous of seeing an entire show, he would act thus: Immediately at the close of the first performance, the curtain would drop, the side exits would be opened, and the townspeople, with as many of the leveemen as desired, should depart; after which the curtain would be rung up and the leveemen could hold a *levee*, and have all the fun they wanted in their own way; and he would show them the way.

This surprising talk was received in silent wonder by the townfolk, including the sheriff and "boss," and with most uncouth and demonstrative approbation by the levee hands; and the show was allowed to proceed.

By the time the performance was over Captain Jack had issued his orders to all hands. The crew quietly went to the exits and opened them, and after the departure of the audience they returned to the stage. When the orchestra seats were emptied of all but a number of leveemen who waited for the fun, Captain Jack, from the stage, invited those who remained in the balcony to come below, and this drew their attention to himself, knowing that in the meantime, under the charge of Jack Ambrose, an ex-detective of Cincinnati, and one of his pilots, his men were being stationed, Winchesters in hand, ready to give the toughs a surprise. The tinkle of a bell was Mr. Jack's "cue" to exit, and for the rising of the curtain, and as he stepped back, up went the curtain, and the leveemen who were craning their necks and laughing in anticipation beheld—twenty men with leveled Winchesters, standing shoulder to shoulder, and only awaiting the word to fire; the click of twenty triggers on the out-board side of the La Belle Creole next drew the astonished gaze of the leveemen in that direction, and there too stood a line of twenty Winchesters in the hands of as many men who ranged fore and aft with face front to the hitherto unruly audience—now tame enough.

"Right dress!" came an order from the bow. Again the bewildered and besotted leveemen

looked about them and there stood five more men with leveled Winchesters then from the stage in the unmistakable voice of Captain Jack came the one word "Order."

But the floating theater was orderly enough; a regiment of regulars never commanded more respect anywhere than did those forty-five rifles on that boat.

"Now," said the Captain, addressing his dumfounded audience, "you see, boys, I came prepared for you this trip. You got a slight advantage the last time, and you actually murdered four of my men. You came to-night avowedly to create a disturbance, but I know a game worth two of that. You see all the inboard side of my boat is open—every exit; all you have to do is to depart in peace, and I assure you if you do not all I have to do is to give the order 'Fire' and there will be several wheel-barrows minus drivers tomorrow. Now you can go."

There was probably in all three hundred toughs on the boat and among them they had several revolvers and bowie knives—indeed the majority of them carried the latter terrible weapon, and ordinarily they were a match for four times the number of the crew, but they were taken by surprise; the military tactics of the captain and his diplomatic action dumfounded them and those nearest the exits made, without further ceremony

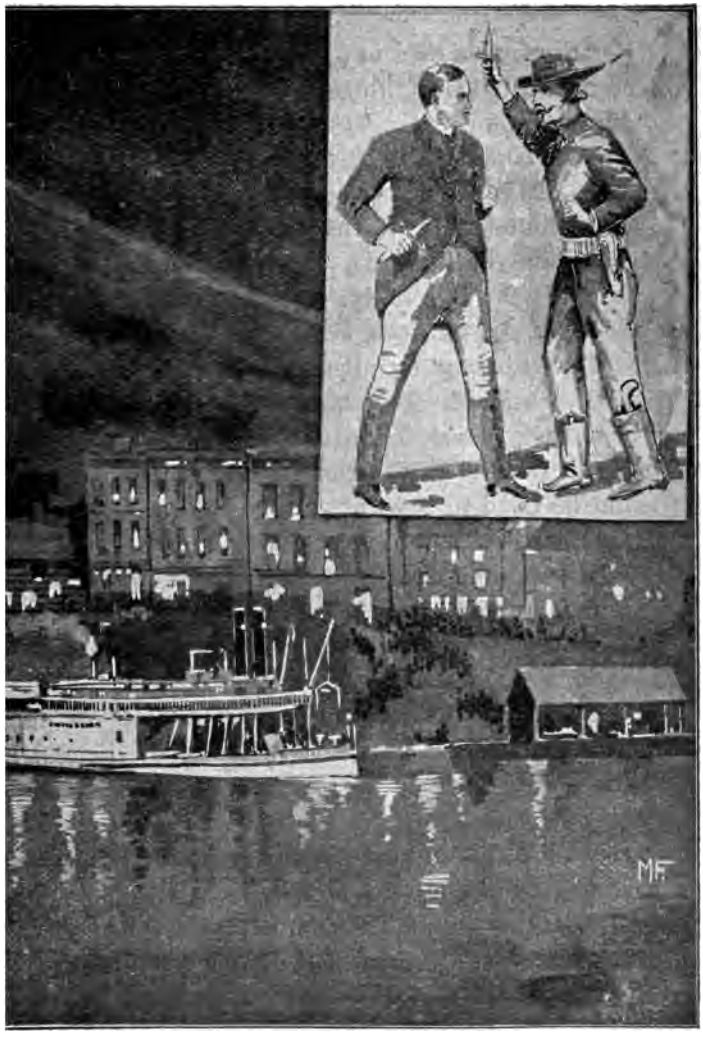
and with some haste, for the shore. Not so the burly giant spokesman; he leaped to his feet and hurled a torrent of blasphemy at those of his fellows who were leaving the boat. He swore he came there to see the "doldrasted show, and I wuz a-goin' to see it," etc., etc.

"Make ready," shouted Captain Jack.

Again that ominous click was heard, this time from stage, bow, and out-board side, and a general stampede of the audience (?) followed, with the exception of the giant and possibly a dozen desperate and drunken ruffians like him. The captain stepped from the stage and advanced to the big fellow, who drew a bowie knife, and in sheer desperation stepped forward also. The captain likewise drew a bowie (with which, by the way, the entire crew were armed for hand to hand fighting) and steadily advanced.

It was to be a battle between giants.

Now as Captain Jack approached the belligerent rowdy, he felt that a fight between himself and the self-constituted leader of the leveemen would put an end to the impending general trouble, and save a number of lives, so he determined to fight the bully, man to man, knife to knife. When they got within three paces of each other both men stood still; the captain turned to his men, and in an even voice, unbroken by either anger or excitement, said:



BOWIE KNIFE CONTEST.

"Boys, this man and I are going to fight. No matter what turn things may take I want no interference from you. To you, sheriff, and you, Ambrose, I look to see that no one will interfere—keep off his men; mine will hold off, and should this scoundrel prove the victor let him go free."

"Then you kin bet your sweet life I'm a-goin'!" laughed the big bully. "I'll just carve you ez I would a possum, you skinflint."

Notwithstanding all the forbearance which up to this time Mr. Jack had shown, his proud nature could not stand the insults of the bully, and his anger rose like a tempest at the big fellow's taunt, but he tried to down it.

"Prepare," said Jack.

"Come on," cried the bully, who, with all his faults, was no coward. In an instant the steels flashed and clashed; then flashed and clashed again and again.

But the flashing of the cold steel and its ominous glitter could not equal the dreadful light in the glaring eyes of the two combatants; the one glowing and hellish as those of an angry jaguar glaring out of a jungle in the night; the other cold, steely, calm and determined.

"Clackety clack! Click, clackety clack!" rang out the knives at every thrust and parry.

"Click, clackety, clack," they rang, as here and there, now to this side, now to that, leaped

the two men. Nothwithstanding the great size of the leveeman, he had met his match in strength and more than his match in agility in Captain Jack, whose steel muscled arms and herculean form darted and swayed, parried and struck with surprising swiftness.

As a bull goaded by a matadore the big fellow bellowed with rage and leaped in upon his antagonist with demoniacal fury. The rush was so swift, so fierce that for all the world, as was Champion Sullivan's wont in his palmy days, he broke down his opponent's guard, who, seeing but one way to shield his breast, flung forward his left arm, which received the knife. So desperate was the lunge that the blade was distinctly heard crunching through the bones. But the giant made no more lunges in that fight, for ere he could withdraw the deeply imbedded knife, Captain Jack's weapon was sunk to the hilt in his left side, and he fell to the deck like an ox in the shambles.

Such a cheer was never heard at that landing before or since, and ere it died away the last of the leveemen were on a run up the bank. Pilot Ambrose rushed to the captain's assistance, and just as the latter dropped in a chair Ambrose grasped the hilt of the bowie and had to exert considerable strength to withdraw it. A doctor was soon summoned; every planter around the landing, as well as the sheriff and the boss, were

in the cabin. Mr. Jack refused to lie down, but had the giant carried to his couch and made comfortable. He then gave orders to give another performance on the following night, and allow no leveemen aboard.

The show was given the following night, and for miles around the residents came and came armed—no trouble for them to do so in that country.

"Presented to you by our citizens as a token of the esteem in which they hold you for saving the lives you saved last night, Captain Jack," said the good-natured sheriff at the close of the performance, as he handed him a magnificent watch set with brilliants, which one of the planters had ridden to Greenville to purchase that day. The red-shirted leveeman was too badly injured to be removed, and Captain Jack had given orders to let him remain in his own berth. For nearly three weeks he nursed the wounded man as tenderly as a woman might. Day and night he was at the sufferer's side whenever time allowed.

The giant did not say much even when he could first have spoken. He did not say much when he was able to get up and come on deck for the first time, but he reached out his hand and muttered:

"Cap'n, you're a good 'un. You uns can jest own me. I'm a goin' along with you all. No! you kant discharge me nuther, for I'm stuck on you forever."

And he did go, and remained for two years. He is now on a farm in Illinois, and the mention of Sam T. Jack's name brings tears to his eyes. He is a model citizen who handles a binder instead of a bowie—Sam T. Jack made a man of him.

CHAPTER VII.

HIGH JINKS. A BEAUTY BEWILDERED. HOW SAM AND A LADY SPENT A NIGHT IN A HAUNTED TOWER.

Some years ago, we won't say how many, and in a town that is as well known as any on the map, but we won't say where it is, Mr. Jack and a beautiful blonde, who, by the way, is now well known also, met with an amusing accident.

The young lady was just after making her debut, or, to state the matter more precisely, she had been but a few months on the boards, but her marvelous beauty and her voice, a rich contralto, had already made her name a well known one, and as she gained the full public recognition of her talents through Mr. Jack, she naturally depended altogether upon his guidance, and like all young ladies on her first tour was anxious to "see the country" and at every stand she playfully insisted on the manager's society, and he found himself escorting her and showing her the sights.

In the town adverted to above there was a big

public building, which was surmounted by a very high tower. Visitors were admitted to the tower from ten o'clock in the morning until 6 p. m., when it was closed for the night, and securely locked, by a very deaf janitor.

The tower was the pride of the townfolk and every visitor to the city was met with the question before he had been an hour within its gates:

"Have you been up in the tower?"

In fact to "do" the tower was considered in a sense incumbent on every one. Of course, the young debutante had to do it, and thereby hangs a tale.

One beautiful evening after the matinee she and Mr. Jack, sauntering leisurely towards the hotel, passed by the building and right across the shadow of the tower, rather a long shadow it was too, for the sun was rapidly declining. It was about half past five o'clock. The shadow, as shadows will, suggested the substance, and looking up the fair one beheld the great tower, just tipped with a rosy light, the last lingering kiss, as it were, of the departing sun, and as she noted this and also the beautiful and symmetrical architecture of the pile she exclaimed:

"Oh! Mr. Jack, I am just dying to do the tower. Won't you take me up?"

Who could resist that appeal? Not the gentleman to whom it was made, you may wager. So

in a few moments they stood at the bottom of the winding stairs, and in several moments more they were up at the top of them, and from their eyrie were watching the sun sinking in a blaze of glory behind the western hills. They had selected the deep embrasure of a window from which to watch the sunset, and were therefore hidden from the sight of any one who might look in through the door. They had forgotten all about the passing time—who wouldn't under the circumstances?

Thirty minutes from the time the young lady expressed the desire to do the tower were not long in passing, and so intent were they in watching the sunset that they didn't even hear the step of the deaf janitor, nor did they see him any more than he saw them when he carelessly gave a hurried glance into the main chamber and then pulled the iron door to and turned the key in the lock. He had no idea that the tower held captive the two visitors. They watched the sun until it disappeared and then, having concluded to go, they leisurely walked to the door. She was the first to discover that it was locked.

"Great heavens, Mr. Jack, what are we to do? We are locked in."

What were they to do? that was the question—but it was unnecessary to tell him they were locked in—he knew that.

To say that the young lady was excited is sim-

ply to say nothing at all; she was almost hysterical, and for at least ten minutes did nothing but wring her hands and cry out in anguish:

"Oh! Mr. Jack, what shall we do?"

Mr. Jack took in the situation at a glance, and saw at once that the only thing to do was to wait until assistance came from the outside, and cheering and consoling his fair fellow-prisoner as well as he could, he finally got her quieted and in a laughing way said:

"The night promises to be a beautiful one. We will have moonlight until twelve o'clock at least, and notwithstanding the fact that we are back from the road quite a distance, by keeping watch at the window we may be able to attract the attention of some passers-by, and if we do, I will hail them and send for the janitor to release us. So cheer up, and if we have to stay here all night, I will devise some means to make you as comfortable as the surroundings will permit."

This did not promise a great deal of consolation, for all that could be seen as she looked around were the four bare stone walls, and the smooth stone floor—no chair—no couch, nothing, in fact, but the square chamber and the deep window recesses.

"I do not doubt your willingness to make me comfortable," said she, "but it will tax your ingenuity to do so here."

They then took up their station at the window and watched the beauty of the night while they also kept a lookout for passers-by. The time passed as pleasantly as could be expected, because Mr. Jack, who is quite a *raconteur*, kept the smile on the bonny lips of his companion. The moon was shining clear and silvery, with scarce a cloud in sight; the park surrounding the building in which our two prisoners were confined was lighted up with the moonlight so that every tree and bush could be plainly seen. When the hands of their watches pointed to the hour of twelve, they saw three persons walking down the road, out of the city. The trio consisted of a young lady and two male companions who were returning from a party, and when they came within hailing distance of the tower Mr. Jack hallooed:

"Hel—lo—a! Hello—a—a!!"

Several times he shouted, but as the window was set very deep in the thick masonry and was also unusually high, it was rather astonishing that he was heard at all, and, indeed, when the sound did reach the ears of the passers, what with the deep recess from which it was shouted and the height, it was anything but a clear "Hello," and sounded to them like some one groaning "O—o—a—a!" "O—o—a—a!" When they heard it they looked up, and beheld a sight which made their blood run cold in their veins. Two figures



IN THE TOWER.

robed in white, one the giant form of a man, the other the frail figure of a lady, and even as they looked the man beat with utmost cruelty the unprotected head of the woman, using a great club as a weapon, while his victim uttered groan after groan—this is what they thought they saw. What they did see was Sam and the young lady; she in a white serge walking costume, and he in white flannels, and yachting cap. When he saw that he had attracted the trio's attention, he picked up her leather music holder, which did not look unlike a club, and waving it over her head increased the force of his "Hel—lo—a!"

It was much easier for Sam and his companion to hear words spoken even in an ordinary tone at their elevation, than it was for the others to hear his loudest shouts, even though the hearers were not laboring under superstitious fear, so that the prisoners plainly heard one of them say:

"Ghosts, by mighty! Them air are ghosts sure; the tower is haunted!'

This was followed by a scream from the lady of the party, who immediately fainted in the arms of her companions, and in a minute the condition of Sam and his companion, when compared to that of the superstitious trio, was an enviable one. The two men picked up the insensible woman, and one of them could be heard saying:

"Get her out o' sight of them ghosts, for God's sake, and when she comes to we'll skedaddle."

"We are no ghosts," cried Mr. Jack, wildly waving the music roll over the head of his companion, "Hel—l—o—a!"

"Oh! Ludy, hurry along, Zeke, the old un is at the woman again, a beating ov her; did you hear her groan?" said the speaker on the road, and both men hastened off with their burden.

The supposed ghost in a fit of anger threw down the music roll, then caught it as it rolled; took off his coat, spread it on the floor, made a pillow of the roll and turning to the young lady, said:

"Lie down there and sleep if you can. I will hail no more. Those people are superstitious fools. The moon will be gone by one o'clock and then the window will be useless."

She would not hear of lying down, so he soon had her laughing over the mistake of the trio on the road and other funny stories. Now, it was all very well to laugh and to refuse to lie down while the moon was up, but soon it grew as dark as dark could be and then the timid little thing grew as frightened as the clod had been and exclaimed:

"Mr. Jack, what if the tower *should* be haunted?"

He only laughed at her fears and assured her with calm and reasonable words, while in sheer fright she hung around his neck, as a child might have done.

"Come," he said; "courage, you need rest; lie down on my coat and sleep."

CHAPTER VIII.

TOURING MEXICO. BUSINESS IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS. THE DUELLO.

There is a line read in the play of Louis XI., by Louis himself, which would apply to Mexico as well as to the Burgundians to whom it is addressed. The line reads thus:

"These Burgundians take too much pepper with their meat."

Now we do not care how much the Burgundians take in a peppery way, with or without their meat, but we do know that the Mexicans are a race of red pepper devouring and *Chilli con carni* consuming critters, which the dwellers in Burgundy or any other burgh will find hard to beat.

They are as peppery in temper, too, as any other race of people, and in matters connected with love, or anything else connected with the fair sex, they are, as the saying goes in the south, "hot as cotton."

It is very rarely we hear of duels nowadays in

Mexico, but there was a time when the "duello" was an every-day occurrence, and some Senor would give up the ghost on a point of honor, and leave a weeping widow, either his own or some one else's, to mourn his loss. Duelling, as a general thing, has become a thing of the past, and therefore, when Manager Jack accepted Senor Miguel Romero's challenge to a mortal combat while the former's "Lilly Clay Co." was playing in the *Teatro Nacional* in the City of Mexico, in '90, it soon became the talk of the country, and the one absorbing topic in the very high circle in which the gallant Senor moved as a glittering satellite, in a somewhat eccentric orbit.

The thing came about thus:

Mr. Jack discovered soon after his entry into Mexico that if he wanted to preserve his company intact, he should not allow the wily Senors anywhere near his ladies, for to put it plainly, every dark-eyed duck in trousers in the Republic was flitting about them, and later on such a set of Johnnies as assailed the stage doors in the various stands could not be duplicated anywhere in this country. If there is anything more annoying than another to Sam it is a brainless fop on the mash, and this applies to all men, regardless of race, color, creed or previous condition of servitude. He actually despises a masher and never can control himself a minute when he finds one of the

gentry around at his calling. The sin is all the more grievous in his sight when it is committed by a man who, from his position, ought to be above this asinine weakness, and who should show more respect for the fair sex and himself.

Mr. Jack was one night busy with the local manager of the *Nacional* in the front of the house when a messenger came running from the stage to say that three Senors had forcibly entered the sacred precincts and were annoying the young ladies with ungentlemanly attentions.

No man, except he is connected with Mr. Jack's company, or house, is ever allowed back among the ladies, and those who have business back there must apply themselves strictly to it.

We once saw tacked on the inside of the room doors of a Chicago hotel—a respectable one, but remember a Chicago hotel—a card, which, after stating the hour at which meals were served, the number of times the electric bell should be touched to communicate to the office the wishes of the ringer, etc., concluded with this remarkable plea: "Our gentlemen guests are requested not to monkey with the chambermaids during business hours."

Probably no other metropolis in the world can duplicate this, and we pledge our honor that the card can be seen, and in a respectable house also. We insert it here without comment. Whether the



MISS MAUDE HARVEY.

guest or the chambermaid feels the more honored is a matter we do not even speculate upon. But in Mr. Jack's companies this injunction is not confined to business hours. A red flag to an already goaded Spanish bull, has not one-half the effect upon the belligerent bovine that news of pigs in the pasture has on Mr. Jack whenever any one is rash enough to intrude, but on this occasion, one wherein, by the way, he had issued the strictest orders, he was worse than wild, and immediately hastened to the stage.

He unceremoniously ordered the socially inclined Senors off and bade them not wait upon the order of going, but go.

All of them but one prepared to obey the mandate, which was uttered in a manner which permitted no mistake as to its meaning; this one fire-eating individual, however, not only stood quite still where he was, but actually laughed at the order, and joked about the Americans.

It would have been harder at that moment for Sam to swallow his indignation than for an armless man to bottle an eel.

Quicker than thought his glove was thrown in the swarthy face of the laughing libertine and then the rather elongated proboscis of the pup was between the thumb and index finger of the enraged manager's right, and receiving a tweaking which made it feel as though it had protruded itself into

some one else's business and found it had got into a decidedly hot box.

In a moment the air was filled with pistols and "*Carambas.*"

In another moment the three gentlemen were sprawling on the stage and before they knew what had happened to them they were outside the stage door, and seeing more stars than they had seen behind the scenes.

Truly "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

A vengeful, surprised and humiliated trio the repulsed Senors made.

Our readers will doubtless remember how, on one occasion, our government sent a gentleman to Mexico entrusted with the highest honors emanating from our Interior Department, and how a party of young bloods, aided by British busybodies, with no love for Uncle Sam, out of a feeling of pique, took advantage of their political standing and in an outrageous manner, after finding a weak spot in the American's make-up, proceeded to take advantage of it, and under the pretext of having him present at a banquet, said to be given in his honor, introduced him to a class of society and a round of orgies, which, while they were undoubtedly the proper caper for themselves, were a deadly insult not only to the gentlemanly guest, but more especially so to the country he represented.

So disgraceful was the affair that it almost made Uncle Sam take his little sister Republic out in the woodshed for a whacking.

The trio referred to above were a part of the same "push," and, in fact, it was the remark, an insulting one, which Senor Romero made of America more than anything else which made Mr. Jack tweak that nilly-noddle's nose.

Sam is nothing if not a patriot every inch.

Every one of the gentlemen were up to their eyes in affairs of state, and Senor Romero held a position very close to President Diaz, all of which, while it served to make their offense the greater, of course also made them formidable enemies in a country in which it is sometimes dangerous to be safe, and where a little thing like hiding a Mexican dagger in an American's anatomy is considered rather a virtue than a vice.

The Senor's blood was up; he was bound to have "revenge." *El American* would see if he could tweak the noses of the high hidalgos with impunity.

"*Sante Marie*, I shall have his life," said the Senor.

He said much more than this, but he did not appear to be putting anything he said into execution, and as the affair transpired early in the evening, and no challenge came up to the time the performance was over, Mr. Jack began to fear

the gallant gentleman was a coward as well as a blackguard and so he sent him word of what he thought.

This did bring a challenge and Senor Jack was told to name the weapons and select the spot.

"*Encore!*" cried Sam as he read it, and hoped to hear, like D'Artagnan, from the other two bloodthirsty gallants, "*Encore!*" and he immediately replied, naming Winchester rifles as the weapons, and the Island of *Los Sacrificious* as the battle ground.

He had several reasons for selecting this spot, and they were all good ones, as we will proceed to show.

The first and main reason was that he was anxious for a shot at the saffron-hued roue, and as he knew the law was very rigid regarding the duello, especially near the city of Mexico, and the chances of being detected were ten to one, anywhere in the city or its environments, he chose that island because of its remoteness and the chances that its being an island would afford from that handy auxiliary in a Mexican duel, an ambush, which might easily be placed near the city but which could not be well arranged if, as he suggested, the party consisting of two surgeons, two seconds and last, though by no means least, the two principals, should journey together to Vera Cruz and take boat to the island about daybreak on the morning of their arrival.

Once on the island the chances were even, and outside bets on the Mexican could be declared off, as there were no chances for an ambush. The situation was in every way most desirable, and to a man anxious to try his skill on a human target "just the thing," as the club men would say.

Any one who ever approached Vera Cruz from the Gulf, knows that just outside the city and to the south of it lies the romantic isle of *Los Sacrificious*, shining 'neath the tropic sky like an emerald in a sea of sapphire. Our hero was at first inclined to the use of the island *San Juan de Uloa*, a sister isle to the one selected, but he remembered that that one time fortress is now a prison, dark and gloomy. The old fort built by the Spaniards in 1569 and finished in 1633, having become useless as a military stronghold, had been converted into a prison. This is the island at which the redoubtable Hernando Cortez landed on the 21st of April 1519, and which since that day has played a more or less important part as an historical spot in the turbulent changes of the history of that most turbulent republic.

Los Sacrificious was free from the public surveillance of *San Juan de Uloa*, and likewise possessed this peculiarity:

It is said that the Aztecs sacrificed a youth upon this island on a certain day of every year, and as Sam intended to sacrifice the Mexican gentleman

also, and on the same date, what place could be more appropriate?

Many a dueling party has stolen over the waters of the Gulf from Vera Cruz in the early morning and reached the quiet island to proceed with their unnatural work. This was when the duello kept up as lively a mortality list as the virulent *vomito*, that much dreaded scourge of the pretty town.

Romero no sooner discovered his challenge was accepted with alacrity then his nerve ran down with alarming rapidity.

Rumor had it that the gallant Senor caused the news of the duello to reach the ears of his *excelencia*, President Diaz, but Mr. Jack is generous enough to say that he doubts this, and avers that the news did not reach the president through any connivance of the Senor, but, as it was town talk, got to him in the ordinary way.

When the American wagged the nose of one of the most prominent men in Mexico, he set the tongues of the Republic wagging, and as "ill news travels apace" the president and the plebeian heard of it, and the proboscis, so to put it, became public property. Everybody had a pull at it.

The president took a long and a strong pull at it.

He summoned the Senor to his presence and forbid the duel, much to the chagrin (?) of that gentleman.

He threatened the Senor with the frowning walls of the prison of *San Juan de Uloa*, and then sent for *El Americano.*

As soon as the manager met the president, and the matter was explained, the latter functionary complimented Mr. Jack upon his bravery, and while he insisted upon the fact that the duello was not to be tolerated, he seemed pleased at the turn things had taken, and the fact that his minister, the Senor Romero, had been called from his high horse.

Presidents ofttimes see things to commend which they cannot command.

So the duello was declared off, and, to speak paradoxically, Senor Jack was its winner without winning it.

The news had one good effect at all events; it made a stir in society which sent a profitable wave curling into the *Teatro Nacional*, which wave, by the way, rolled Sam's way all through the country while his tour lasted. It was also the primal cause of bringing about an adventure for our hero, which, as it contains spice enough to make a chapter, we hereby allot it one, and so refer the fair reader to the next one, to see wherein Cupid proves himself a more potent god than Mars.

CHAPTER IX.

HE FLEES FROM A FORTUNE. A SERVANT AND A DIVINITY. A GLORIOUS NIGHT.

President Diaz can most assuredly keep his fire-eating ministers and martial American managers from maculating each other's corporosities with Winchesters, but he cannot—nor can any mortal ruler—stay the little gold-tipped arrow which Cupid, the killing rogue, lets fly with unerring aim when and where he lists. Canute and the sea yarn wouldn't be a marker to the defeat of that ruler who would try to stop young love's heart-piercing arrow, and so while Senor Jack and Senor Romero were contemplating, each in his own way, the eternal destruction of the other, Cupid, the little rascal (who always follows in the train of burlesque), had let fly an arrow, plump into the heart of a bronze-brown Senora, and lo! no sooner had she felt the smart than straightway did she fall in love with Mr. Jack.

Of course, the duello was town-talk, and the bravery and common sense of "*L'Americano*" was

discussed in every café. The male population was divided in its opinion—at least in the expression of it, but the ladies—bless their hearts! who always love the brave, were unanimous in declaring Sam "*un bravo Americano*." There chanced to be stopping in the city at the time a young and beautiful widow, whose lamented spouse had, at his departure from this mundane sphere, left her an abundance of *banco por acciones* (bank stock) and silver mining stock. She was one of the wealthiest Senoras in all Mexico. In Zacatecas, her wealth in silver mines was very great, and in San Luis Potosi she ruled as mistress in a palatial *casa de ciudad* (or town house).

During Mr. Jack's four weeks' stay in the City of Mexico this lady, and a choice party of friends, occupied a box almost nightly, and the same gay party were to be seen on Sunday afternoons attending the *funcion de toros* (or bull fights) at *Hiusachal* or *Cuantitlan*, and it was at the latter that a mutual friend, Senor Jose Pedro Maria Guadalupe, presented Senor Jacques (as the Mexicans called our hero) to that rare possessor of wealth and loveliness, Senora Juarez; an introduction for which that love-lorn lady had, for a fortnight at least, been using all the delicate arts of feminine diplomacy of which she was the captivating mistress, to bring about.

It required no exertion on her part to make herself

charming, and indeed if Senor Jack were anything but the unimpressionable and matter-of-fact individual he is, he would have been smitten; the coal black beauteous orbs of the fair Senora, which blazed with such uncommon splendor at some signal bravery of the matadores, or drooped with all the limpid tenderness of pity when the life blood of the poor bull would follow the dagger of the *cachatero* and encrimson the sword, would have bred love's flames in his big heart. But even if her eyes should fail to win with captivating glance, there was the figure of a Juno, and the faultless face of Hebe, a combination strong enough to break down any barriers of disinterestedness ever erected around the heart of man, and flood that anatomical reservoir with a raging wave of maddening love. Yet with all the chivalry of his nature and his keen appreciation of beauty, as well as the high regard he always holds for woman, the managerial sense was the stronger on that occasion and instead of permitting his mind to ramble off into the waly paths of wooing, he was calculating the cost of the bull fight, and mentally the excess of the receipts over the expenses, instead of dreaming of the beauty of the woman. Of course, he was extremely polite—he is always that—and even the keen eyes of the Senora failed to detect his mental wanderings, but she must have known that she awakened no responsive chord in his bosom to the love which every

glance and every fiber of her beautiful being bespoke—except her lips.

Alack-a-day, Senora! It was sad.

It is strangest of all to relate that he for whom you pined should not have felt what was going on in that fair breast of yours, when with drooping lid, graceful bow, and faltering lips you reluctantly whispered, "*Adios, Senor,*" at the parting on the *Plaza Mayor* in the city on your return.

It was sad, Senora, very sad.

When a Mexican lady is in love, there is no half-way station. She loses interest in everything else but the pursuit of the devouring passion; thinks of nothing, dreams of nothing, but the object of her love; and it is needless, therefore, to say that Senora Juarez set about at once to discover the movements of Mr. Jack and his company, and to her inexpressible delight, be it chronicled, the angel was rewarded by discovering that some weeks later he would open at the *Teatro Principal* in *San Luis Potosi* for two nights.

What could be more fortunate, more delightful? Assuredly the season in the city was not over, but the excuses were plentiful and she was her own mistress. The city was not agreeing with her anyway; even her friends noticed the pallor in her sun-tinted cheeks, and her lack of spirits. Ah! if they could only see her little tender heart. Where could she expect relief but in her own *casa*

de ciudad in sweet *San Luis Potosi?* There was nothing strange in the fact that the American theatrical company was going to play there; that was simply a circumstance—such things happen every day; it was none of her business when or where they played—she shouldn't go to see them any more—not she indeed! She had seen them often enough in the city. Heigh-ho!

Well, the time passed—slowly of course—as it does sometimes to adoring damsels, but finally one morning the *Mexicano Nacional* train stopped at *San Luis* and from *un coche de primera clase* stepped forth Manager Jack, and in a moment he was watching the fifty fair ladies (oh, how the Senora hated them!) as they pushed through the lazy line of smoking peons and picturesque, clamorous group of *joven senoritas*, who, in the musical patois of their native plains, shouted: "*Freshas! freshas!*" and temptingly displayed that fruit, the delightful strawberry of Mexico, in their leaf-covered, dainty baskets.

Straight for the Hotel Iturbide went the company, and that night the *Teatro Principal* was filled with delighted Mexicans to see those fifty fair ones.

If any man from the States ever remained in *San Luis Potosi*, without making the acquaintance of mine host C. H. McClure of the "White Elephant," and without partaking of the

liquid and solid refreshments there offered, that man was dead—no living human being could possibly be guilty of such a glaring breach of the social code; Sam T. Jack most assuredly could not, and that night, in company with landlord McClure and a few choice spirits—American residents—he found himself, after the performance, seated at a table enjoying the good things of life, from an epicurean standpoint.

During a lull in the proceedings, a closely veiled female—one of the passing throng—stepped quickly up to him, and pressing a folded note into his hand, said quickly:

"*Una carta, Senor,*" and then in imperfect English: "You are to follow me."

To say that the recipient of the note was surprised is to put it mildly, but he was used to surprises, so as soon as he found an opportunity he glanced over the penciled lines, which gave every indication of having been hurriedly written, and was agreeably astonished to learn that the writer was the divine Senora Juarez, and that she desired him to follow the *servienta*, and pay a visit *immediatamente.*

Now here was a how-de-do.

The veiled messenger took up a station near the entrance and waited silently and patiently, while the billet was being carefully thought over by its recipient, and, indeed, she looked as if she would wait all night if it was necessary.

As soon as he could make his excuses to his friends, Mr. Jack did so, and took his leave. He no sooner started than the messenger, as quietly as a ghost, passed out ahead of him, and made straight for and across the *Plaza* towards the cathedral, and just as she entered upon its grotesque shadows, which reached almost to the statue of *Hidalgo*, and lay in zig-zag patterns under the midnight moon, the great clock up in the facade tolled out the hour of twelve.

"Well," said our hero to himself, "it is rather a queer hour to call clandestinely upon a lady. It smacks somewhat of adventure," and then for the first time it flashed across his mind that the visit might be to some one else; that probably there was a plot on foot to rob him. He had considerable money and several valuable diamonds about him, and here he was in a land where life and property could never be guarded too safely, and where at times a mortal dagger thrust would be given for a *peso*.

If there is any one thing that never leaves Mr. Jack it is his nerve, and if there is anything that he loves above all else it is an adventure—here was one—and he was going to see it through at any cost—he wouldn't turn back.

He hailed the servant and shrewdly questioned her, and was assured that, strange as it seemed to him, the Senora Juarez had sent the messenger and

now awaited him at her town house, which
situated, as he soon learned, at the end of one
streets which cross at right angles just beyo
square.

Having arrived there he was quietly ush
through a low white side gate in the gray wa
found himself in rather an extensive *pat*
court, from the center of which came the g
of a fountain at play, and from which rose a g
of graceful, tapering date palms. Quietly as
gate was closed it awakened the hum of a my
insects, and as he listened to the sound he h
a low grating noise at his side. Turning he
an open door through which a soft light shon
clear but subdued, and he felt himself gently pu
from behind by the *servienta* through the o
doorway. Then quickly behind him the door clo
the light grew suddenly brighter, and with an
clamation of surprise he beheld reclining on a
in a most bewitching attitude, as though
awakening from a *siesta*, the beautiful Se
Juarez.

He was used to theatrical effects, to po
women, to enchanting forms in all sorts of
tumes; and to surroundings in keeping with
same, and still he could not for the life of him
the note of admiration which he almost unc
sciously uttered in returning her musical s
tation:

"*Buenos noches, Senor.*"

The lady arose from the sofa, easily, elegantly, gracefully, spreading about her as she moved a most bewitching perfume, and showing the beauteous outlines of her lissome figure in the most captivating manner in every movement. She gave the tiniest pat imaginable upon the velvet carpet, with the tiniest imaginable foot, and lo! a silken portiere was divided and a table weighty with silver, cut glass and flowers, and sending forth a strong appeal to sight and smell from the very rarest wines and viands, was plainly to be seen.

Not a servant was in sight; the repast was evidently to be taken *sans ceremonie*, with no one present but the hostess and her guest. A weaker man would have been abashed, and at a loss for that command of self necessary for the occasion. No fear of that in our worthy guest, however, so we may pass over the refreshment prelude to the night, the delicious dishes and their accompaniment, the rich and vein-firing wines.

When the repast was finished they adjourned to the chamber where they had first met, and seeing an upright piano of American make, Mr. Jack led the Senora to it, and in another minute was listening to a voice of such marvelous power and sweetness as to amaze him. Never before, not even from the lips of the most famous *divas*, had he heard such entrancing strains; he was literally

carried away by its sweet intoxication. The playing, too, was superb; the delicate, jeweled fingers moved with wonderful precision, and so daintily did they touch the keys with a grace and bewitching softness all their own, that they seemed scarce to touch them at all. He was lost in ecstasy, but he was on dangerous ground and he thought only of that wise couplet:

"He who loves not wine, woman and song,
Will be a fool his whole life long."

They were here, they were Sam's "long suit." A dangerous trio to which mankind owes more misfortune than to hydra-headed war,—but he seemed to like them.

The song was an old Spanish love song, which breathed forth in soulful sentences the most tender and passionate thoughts, linked to a melody which was the very essence of mellifluous music; how long it lasted he knew not, but he felt as though he could have listened to it forever.

To compliment the singer was to broach the subject of the song—always a dangerous theme—when the singer is as lovely as a June day and as loving as—as—, well, as only woman can be, and so by easy graduation the song became the theme of their conversation; they spoke of love

It is an endless theme; as young as the ever living present, yet as old as the undying stars; hence, why try to follow them down its flowery paths?

Suffice it to say that Lalla Rookh in the Royal Gardens never listened to the poet lover, Feramorz, more enraptured than did the guest to his fair hostess, while she reclined gracefully, temptingly on the sofa couch, which seemed to fondle her fair form. She told her tale of love, forgetful of the injunction placed by custom on woman's lips, and thinking only of her overwhelming love, and that he whom she loved was before her; she poured out the feelings which filled her soul, and rising flung herself upon his breast, crying in a very passion of ecstasy and in tones more musical even than the song: "I love you! l'Americano, I love you!"

Truly love is as far beyond our control as madness.

Not dreaming of this denouement, our hero was taken by surprise. He couldn't but see that the fair Senorita was most excruciatingly earnest in all she said and did.

What was he to do?

We draw the veil over the sacred scene. We cannot tell how long and earnestly he pleaded with her to overcome her passion. How he told her he could never return her love, and how in a word he calmed her and soothed her as he might a babe, and comforted her in many ways until he left her peacefully sleeping in the morning, and stole away himself just as the rosy dawn

was springing into ruddy day, and the hum of the insect world was dying out before the bustle of an awakening city. Then filled with a strange feeling of wonder he walked like one in a dream to the Hotel Iturbide, there to go to his room and ponder over the strange events of the night.

What was he to do? All the chivalry of his soul cried out against what his common sense bade him do, viz., to leave without seeing her more, and leave her to time to heal her wound. No! That would never do. He would consult McClure; he could advise, and while it did not look strictly honorable to expose the secret of a lady, even to a man whom he knew to be the very soul of honor, still it was necessary for that lady's welfare that it should be done. He immediately left the hotel and sought his friend at the "White Elephant."

Now, Mr. McClure is a highly practical, hard-headed, matter-of-fact individual, who, as he says himself, "always takes the bull by the horns," and recognizing the horns of a dilemma here, he asked for an hour in which to think the matter over.

At the end of the hour he laughingly approached Mr. Jack, who, probably for the first time in his life, was in a state of utter dejection:

"He! he! ha! ha!" laughed McClure, "I have it, old man; leave the matter to me and I will settle it O. K., but you must not go near the *casa*

of the Senora to-day—I will do all the visiting."

The day passed. His managerial duties kept Mr. Jack so busy that he did not see his friend McClure until after that night's performance, when, as they were seated once more at the table of the café, the latter unfolded himself.

He had thought the matter carefully over, he said, and knowing the Senora to be a strict church member, who could under no circumstances be compelled even to listen to any other form of marriage than that of monogamy, and to whom bigamy was a revolting sin, he had seen her that afternoon, and in the course of a desultory conversation had incidentally referred to his friend Sam's sixteen wives that he had left behind him in his happy home in Salt Lake City, and laughingly recited how he, Senor Jack, was even then—now that Brigham Young was no more—endeavoring to get a dispensation from the Church of the Prophet, whereby he could marry the fifty ladies in his extravaganza company.

Despite the seriousness of the situation and his heartfelt sympathy for the Senora, Sam could not but laugh heartily at the unmoved face and matter-of-fact manner in which McClure told of his action as mediator.

"What on earth did she say?" he asked.

"Why," said McClure, shifting a little uneasily in his seat, "she didn't say anything; she couldn't;

fainted, and I handed her over to the servants,. came away, but you can bet your life she is. ed." And she was.

CHAPTER X.

PHILANTHROPIC AND PRACTICAL SCIENCE. MR. JACK BRINGS BACK REASON TO A BLIGHTED MIND.

During this southern tour Mr. Jack played an engagement in one of the most important cities of the south, which lasted four weeks, and an incident happened there that became town talk at the time, and was surely more than a nine days, wonder. The theatre was distant about a half mile from the manager's hotel and no line of street cars ran that way, but even if the cars did run in that direction the probability is that he would have walked in either case, being a constantly training athlete. He noticed on a certain corner which he passed on an average of four times daily, a poorly clad woman with an emaciated face and form, and disheveled hair, who peered always and eagerly into the faces of passers-by, with a wistful, anxious look, which seemed to question those to whom it was addressed.

She never asked for alms, but her arms were nearly always extended and her pale, thin hands, almost transparent, opened supplicatingly, while

her lips moved in forming rambling and disjointed words.

One Saturday afternoon after the matinee performance, Mr. Jack and the local manager with whom he was doing business had occasion to pass the corner, and as they looked at the old lady her gaze met theirs in a fixed and yearning stare. Mr. Jack's hand was involuntarily run into his pocket to aid the poor creature, but his friend divining his thoughts from his action, said:

"Do not offer her money. She wants none."

Mr. Jack turned to the speaker in surprise and asked:

"What on earth does she want? I see her here night and day, always the same. Why does she stand here?"

"She has stood so," replied his friend, "for the past twelve years. Her husband was a sea captain. He went on one voyage too many. She was in the habit of awaiting him here whenever he would return from a voyage, and walking home with him by his side, light hearted and happy. One fatal Friday she came here to meet him as usual, but hour after hour went by, the sun gained the meridian, the afternoon passed, twilight gave way to darkness, and still she stood, as you see her standing now, her gaze turned towards the dock, the yearning in her eyes, upon her lips the delayed words of welcoming love which he never more

would hear—for he came not. Relatives and friends vainly tried to coax her home, but she was immovable. Strong in her trust in the husband of her heart, she waved them off, saying:

"'No! no! Go you home, he will come by and by.'

"It was midnight before her grown-up sons and daughters could muster up courage to impart the fearful news to her which they had received from the shipping office—news that the ship upon which her husband sailed as captain had gone down with all hands.

"They did break it to her finally. For a moment she gazed in speechless horror at her informants and then burst into a loud, unmusical laugh, which had scarcely died away before she fainted in the arms of one present.

"She had gone mad.

"Her lunacy is, as you see, harmless to all else, but pitiful in the extreme, and as you see her now with her soul in her anxious eyes, looking troubled, wistful, longing, so has she stood for years, rain or shine, hot or cold, night and day until some member of her family, or friend, with soothing words and gentle force kindly leads her home, and even then it is difficult to do so until nature has almost given out, and she has become sorely in need of rest. Poor thing," he concluded, "it would indeed be well for her if she were called by Him to an eternal rest."

Manager Jack was much worried over this recital, and it is needless to say that his fullest sympathy went out to the distressed old lady. He inquired more and more into her case, and found that the physicians had pronounced her suffering from an incurable case of melancholia.

He sought out her relatives and through a mutual acquaintance offered his aid, as modestly as needs be, to try and bring about a cure for her malady. Indeed he had given her case almost constant thought since he first heard her sad story, and he determined to see her cured at any cost if medical science could perfect a cure. He thought over the different cases of lunacy of which he had heard or read, and in a word made her peculiar case a study.

At the expiration of his four weeks' engagement his business took him from the city, but do what he would he could not drive the melancholy old lady from his mind. He purchased work after work on lunacy and read up enough on the subject to do a specialist. After the lapse of several months he played a return date in the city in which she lived —if such a blighted existence could be called living, and about the first greeting he gave his friend, the local manager, was:

"I think I can cure the old lady of the corner if you will aid me."

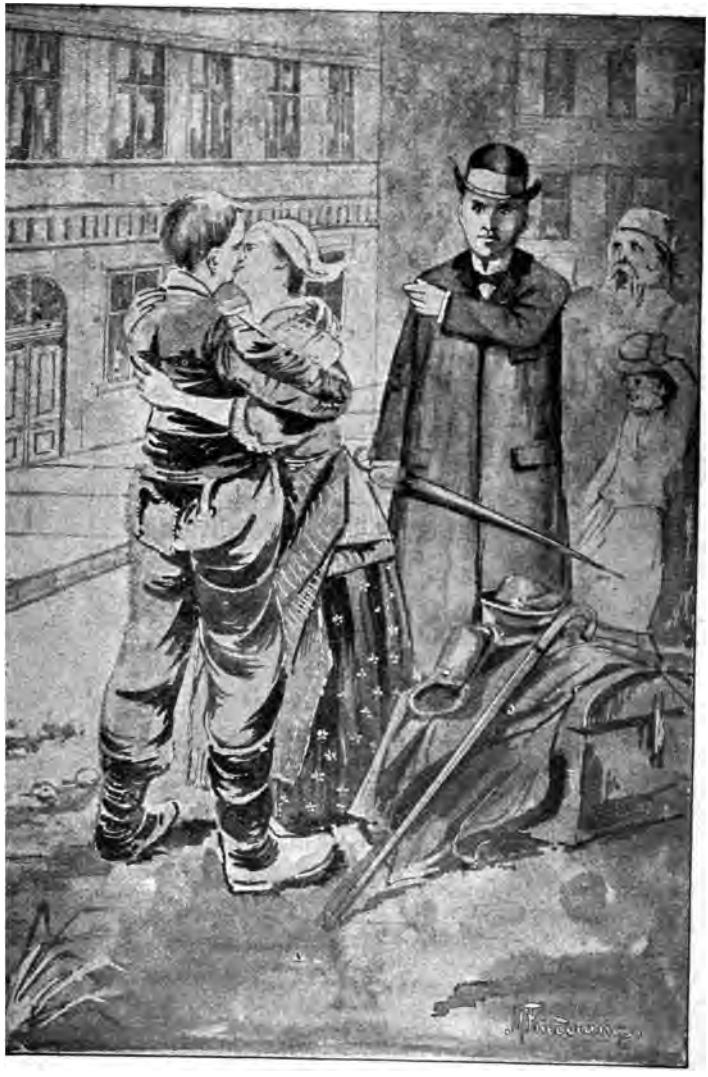
He then unfolded his plan to his friend and to-

gether they went to the family physician, and him Manager Jack stated the case. The physic looked at him, dubbed him an enthusiast, sho his head wisely, said he did not rely much up the efficacy of the scheme, but was finally forc to admit that it would "do no harm to try it, the family would permit the trial."

Together Mr. Jack and his friend went to v the family, where they were well remembered. H unfolded his theory to them; he cited several in stances of recovery in cases which, if not identical had at least some similarity; he spoke enthusia tically as one convinced, and as a result his wor carried conviction and the trial was determine upon.

The friends left the house happy—one of the at least.

The following evening just about twilight, when the passers-by, so used to seeing the quiet figure, scarcely noticed her as they went on their way, and as she stood as always stooping forward in the attitude of expectancy, with the yearning look in her eyes; up the street straight from the do came a seaman, his blue pea-jacket closely bu toned over his breast, his trousers flapping he walked, his cap flung jauntily back from h brow; his form straight, face florid, and wearin medium sized, sandy side whiskers; straight to th waiting woman he walked, and as he approache he laughed and extended his arms.



THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

Pale as the face of the dead grew hers; wildly her eyes gleamed as though about to burst from their sockets; she tottered, shook; back to her face rushed the warm blood again, and with a long glad cry—"Maurice! Maurice!" she fell insensible on the breast of the sailor.

Her home was near by; tenderly was she borne there and placed upon a couch. The physician was summoned, and Sam sat waiting in the room adjoining hers. Hours went by before signs of returning consciousness was noted. The physician was by her side; gently she sighed, looked about her, turned on her side and fell into a calm sleep. The physician signed for all to withdraw. In the hall he grasped Manager Jack's hand warmly:

"You have saved her, sir; saved her from worse than death. She will awake in a couple of hours a sane woman." And she did.

To this day that lady does not know that she was for years a harmless lunatic, nor does she know that he who returned to her in the garb of her husband—who so completely caused the revolution of feeling in heart and mind that it awakened the dormant organ of memory, was none other than an actor who had taken his cue from an old photograph; nor does she know that the actor so skilled in his art was a member of Sam T. Jack's company, prompted and rehearsed by Sam.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CREOLE BURLESQUE SHOW. A NOVELTY AND INNOVATION IN BURLESQUE. HOW A SMART LOCAL MANAGER WAS BEATEN AT HIS OWN GAME AND TAUGHT A LESSON.

When Mr. Jack first exploited his Creole burlesque company, he played the show through one night stands, opening at Haverhill, Massachusetts, and as it was entirely new and a decided innovation in the business, he wisely remained in Yankeedom on the one night stands until such time as the newness had worn off, and the "people" were up in their parts. This, of course, necessitated the playing of some very small towns.

One of the greatest troubles encountered by the road manager lies in the fact that many "small-town-dude" managers have crept into the business among the sensible men who usually fill this important station, and your hair-brained "Johnnie" is generally the biggest man in town—in his mind.

There are hall managers in towns of, say ten thousand people, in this country, who imagine they are hedged around with that divinity which the

immortal Bard of Avon ascribes to kings only, and who imagine that Mr. Augustin Daly, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Henry, Mr. Jack, Mr. McVicker and the Frohmans are nowhere beside them, and know nothing about the business.

Such a genius(?) as this Mr. Jack ran up against "away deown in Maine." The fellow, who shall be nameless, as well as his town, held forth in a "village" of about ten thousand souls, and instead of playing on shares rented his hall at so much per night.

The advance agent of Mr. Jack's Creole Company rented the hall for a certain date and, of course, billed the town in regular order, and it was Mr. Jack's intention to have his company play it; but "man proposes and God disposes," and as the time to play the stand approached a railway bridge was washed away, and it was found impossible for the company to reach the stand.

Mr. Jack wired the local manager to that effect, and asked a cancellation of his contract, a request which any business man would have been in accord with immediately, and the cancellation would have been made without question.

This, however, our inflated individual in the above state refused to do, and in consequence the wires were kept hot for a day or two with messages to and fro between the company and the town. Mr. Jack had, of course, filled in an-

other stand and intended to play it, and as the last day but one arrived he wired again to the local manager asking a cancellation, and was refused point blank. Then seeing he would have to pay the rent or be bothered with a petty law suit he started in person for the place and between rail and stage reached it on the morning of the day he was billed to play it.

He went to the little theatre and introduced himself to the manager. He again stated his business and asked for a cancellation.

"Play or pay," answered the dudish manager.

"Very well," replied Mr. Jack, "I will pay and you will earn it."

Now this gentleman's contract read exactly like a sharing contract in effect as to what the owner was to furnish, and in reference to this we will state here, for the information of all the uninitiated, that the local managers agree to provide the house well lighted and heated, tickets, ticket-sellers, stage hands, doorkeepers, ushers, orchestra, scenery, properties, etc.. and to do the bill-posting and advertising for the visiting company.

Mr. Jack was not long in acquainting the townspeople with the fact that his company would not be on hand.

As the town clocks were striking seven, he presented himself at the door of the local mandate's office, the *fin de siecle* manager as it were, and brusquely gave his orders:

"Open your doors, light up, get your tickets ready, and your stage set, place your people, get out your 'props,' order in your orchestra and we will get to business. If I am going to pay I am going to have the worth of my money."

"But," said the bewildered manager, "your company is not here. Why should I do as you say? You cannot give a performance."

"No," replied Sam, "I cannot give the performance, but you are determined you shall have your rent and I am determined you shall also, and that you will earn it. I am here on the issue of my contract and will supply everything it calls for. Here is the music for your leader, and I will give the stage hands every cue necessary for their work. I know just how many minutes every scene requires, and just when to shift and work the stage, so you need have no fear, everything will be run in apple pie order. Your people have a scene and property plot, and I guess it is all O. K. I know just how long my opening runs, and how long each specialty requires, and how long my burlesque runs. Don't be alarmed; I will see that the band plays and the changes are rung in."

Of course Dogberry had nothing to do but to comply, and then the fun commenced.

Every doorkeeper, usher and attaché was at his post; the orchestra tooted as it never tooted before; all hands but the manager seemed to enjoy the fun and worked like beavers.



MISS RHODA HIRSCH.

Seeing the house lit up and the orchestra playing, worked up the curiosity of the people of the little town and ere long the "Rubber-necks" of the place understood what was going on, and a straggling dozen or so went to the box office and paid for tickets "jest tew see the fun, b'gosh."

Even his townspeople seemed to enjoy the discomfiture of the local manager. At eight o'clock the curtain was rung up and the orchestra played a rattling lively skirt dance for an imaginary young lady. Mr. Jack occupied the center aisle seat, in the front row, and gave cues to the stage hands by clapping his hands, being guided by his watch, which he rested on the orchestra rail in front of him.

At first the stragglers did not "catch on" to the thing, but with the aid of the young usher's information the joke dawned on them and whenever they saw Sam clapping his hands to have the scenery changed, they knew that another imaginary hit had been made, and they laughed and applauded uproariously. All this time the local manager sat in the box office like Marius in his tent weeping o'er the ruins of Carthage.

During the intermission the dozen or so who had been interested spectators, took occasion of the lull to inform their fellow townsmen of the occurrence and urged them to buy tickets to see the visionary show, and as sometimes happens, the

thing hit the public taste, as odd things often do, and before the curtain was rung up for the specialties the house was packed from pit to dome, and such an uproarious, though good-natured, crowd never assembled before or since within the walls of that building. They came for a good time and a laugh at the manager, and they were going to have both or know the reason why.

The crowd was so great that Mr. Jack was forced to give up his seat and to give his cues from the inside of the orchestra rail.

The rounds of applause and the infectious laughter made the poor local manager wild, but it is safe to say that no show ever pleased the audience better. So it continued until 10:30 o'clock, when the curtain was rung down to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," and everybody went home pleased but the wise (?) manager. Sam T. netted $480, after paying his $48 rent and giving each one of the hands a handsome tip in remembrance of the occasion. He was the lion of the town that night, and it is easy guessing that it will be a long time before the dude will hear the end of the story. It taught him a lesson that he will not soon forget.

CHAPTER XII.

UP IN A BALLOON AND ITS ALMOST FATAL CONSEQUENCES. HOW SERVING AN UNFORTUNATE FRIEND CAME NEAR RESULTING IN DISASTER.

One Fourth of July Manager Jack was playing a far western town which was all agog over a big balloon ascension which was to take place at noon in honor of the day. Early in the morning he and a few members of his company went to see the balloon being inflated, and discovered that the ascension was to be made by an old actor who had been at one time in the foremost ranks of the profession, but who through an over-indulgence in the cup that inebriates had lost caste and become a Bohemian, ready to turn his hand to any calling which promised an honest dollar.

For a couple of years Mr. Jack had lost track of the self-made aeronaut, but had heard that he was gradually breaking away from his old associations and indulging less frequently than of yore.

His sprees were becoming of shorter duration, which in such cases is a sure sign that King Alcohol is losing his hold.

However, his friends, on arrival at the ascension grounds, were sorry to see that the excitement and patriotic feelings consequent upon the occasion had proven too much for him; he was half seas over, and if he continued drinking he would be in no condition to do anything, much less make a balloon ascension, an undertaking always attended with danger even to the clearest mind.

Mr. Jack drew him aside and tendered what is oftenest given, and yet rarely received—good advice. He asked the nature of his contract with the committee on celebration, and ascertained that no matter what occurred to mar it, if the aeronaut did not make the ascension, he was to receive no pay; but if he did go up in the balloon he was to receive fifty dollars. The poor fellow evidently tried his best to keep away from drink, but what he had drunk had so unstrung his nerves that he had to have more.

He began by taking a drink to "renew his nerve," as he put it, and so went from one drink to another, until by the time the hot air had filled the balloon and everything was in readiness for the ascension, the aeronaut was so disabled that he could not tell a valve line from a guy line.

There are few of our readers who have not on some occasion run against that most important (?) of all officials, the chairman of the committee on celebration in a small town.

No Dogberry was ever half so important.

It so happened that the person who officiated in that capacity on the day in question was one of the most swelled-up individuals who ever wielded a chairman's gavel, and the way he fumed around when he saw the aeronaut peacefully sleeping in the arms of Bacchus on the green sward alongside his air-ship, was worth seeing, and of course, he was right.

Mr. Jack, of all assembled there, knew how much that fifty dollars, so rapidly drifting from him, meant to the poor actor, and approaching the dignitary he said:

"Mr. Chairman, I understand this gentleman's contract reads to the effect that if he goes up in this balloon, he is to receive from your committee the sum of fifty dollars, and if he fails, he forfeits that amount. That, I believe, is all it does say."

"That is right, sir, but he will not go up nor will he get any fifty dollars of this town's money today while I am chairman of the committee on celebration."

"Well," said Mr. Jack, as he lifted the sleeping form of the inebriate from the ground, placed it doubled up in the basket of the balloon, and stepped in after it, "we'll see about that." Then turning to the astonished bystanders he shouted: "Let 'er go."

With a shout that echoed again and again, those

holding the guy lines did let go, and up shot the monster air-ship skywards with a velocity that took the breath away from the self-constituted adventurer.

Well, here he was, or rather there he was, and he knew as much about handling a balloon as a man who never saw one. He did know that by letting a hot air balloon alone it would descend when its air grew cold, and that was all, with probably the exception that he understood in a general way, as everybody does, the use of the ballast.

He had acted from impulse, through a desire to be of service to his friend, and yet on analyzing his thoughts, he was prone to believe that he was actuated partly by a desire to nonplus the officious chairman. Thus he thought while the balloon went up, up in the blue ether, and the shouts of the multitude below came but faintly to his ears, and the landscape below looked to him like what he had often dreamed of as fairyland in his childhood days. He had some sort of a vague notion that the rarified air would recuperate the drunken man in the basket, but he did not know even that.

Whether this would have occurred or not he never got an opportunity to know, because about the time he had thought the matter out the balloon had begun to cool off and descend.

Looking down he discovered that he was rapidly falling over a big forest, and unless the descent

could be attended by the best of good fortune, the swiftly falling balloon would be caught in the branches of one of the great trees, and the occupants of the basket dashed to death on the ground below.

What was he to do?

Over went bag after bag of sand, and yet the balloon did not seem to abate a jot, much less to ascend, but then he was not aware that instantaneous checking scarcely ever follows in cases of this kind, and he forgot that there are times when a half minute seems like an eternity to people in the face of death.

But such is the case and this was one of the times.

The balloon did check up some in its flight very soon, and then began slowly to descend and drift over the forest, but the trees were numerous and stretched a long distance, while every second of the time was making the balloon, or rather the air which upheld it, cooler.

Soon it began to descend again and so it continued, for in his hurry he had thrown away all his ballast.

Down! down! went the great monster, like a thing of life rushing on to destruction and death.

Down! down! faster and faster, until the very earth seemed to be lifted in giant arms and hurled towards the basket; and then, a sudden check

threw him violently forward, and almost out of the basket.

Whi-r-r-rip! went the side of the balloon a few feet above the basket, and in a smothering mass as black as night the air rushed through a rent made in the air monster by the limb of a giant oak, choking and blinding the adventurous Jack, who in a moment had taken in the surroundings, and noticed that the air-ship in its rapid flight earthwards had caused a vacuum directly underneath, and thus the basket escaped being caught on the tree, while the side of the balloon swinging into the tree had been caught and torn.

Faster and faster came the smoky air out of the monster ship.

Looking down he saw that the earth was only about forty feet below him, and while the balloon was held as it then was it would be an easy matter to climb among the branches and reach the ground in safety. That is, it would be easy for *him* to do so, but how about his friend who was still in a stupor, doubled up in the bottom of the basket, and in danger of being suffocated every moment? Here was the real dilemma. How would he save the life of his companion? A happy thought struck him, the only one in fact that could be of service to him under the circumstances.

He picked up the anchor line which lay coiled up in the bottom of the basket and quicker than

the account can be read he fastened the end of the rope around the body of his comrade, and then lifting him over the side of the swaying basket, he lowered him hand under hand, to the ground, while he kept moving to the leeward side of the basket, to avoid being choked by the black and noxious air which still poured from the balloon, but which luckily, owing to the manner in which the balloon had struck the limb, came slower now that the first rush was over, and the air ascending from the outside (being of course the heavier) was partly driving the issuing air back.

Soon he had the body safe on the ground, and just as he had, the balloon, which all this time had been violently swaying, had become freed from the tree and was wabbling out into the air, held at anchorage by the body of the sleeping individual below.

It was now impossible for Sam to climb down the tree as he had intended, and it became momentarily more and more a matter of risk for him to remain in the basket, as the balloon was slowly but surely tearing higher and higher up the side.

There was danger also in attempting to lower himself hand under hand down the rope, because if the tearing kept up, the balloon would soon collapse, and he would drop to the earth, but on the other hand this would happen whether he was on the rope or in the basket, so it was as bad one way as the other.



UP IN A BALLOON.

He determined to trust to the rope.

He did so.

Swinging himself over the side of the basket carefully, so as not to tug too heavily on the balloon, he began his descent and soon landed safely alongside his sleeping friend.

It was well he did, for a gust of wind struck the side of the balloon about the moment he reached the earth, ripping it clear to the top, and down it came, a torn, unsightly mass beside the aeronaut. He was safe.

The ascension had been made, the fifty dollars earned, but Sam T. Jack wouldn't undergo such another twenty minutes for a million dollars.

It had one good effect, however; remorse and shame so worked upon his friend, coupled with a feeling of gratitude for his preserver, that he never drank a drop afterwards as long as he lived.

"All's well that ends well."

CHAPTER XIII.

A SOUTH AMERICAN STAR. THE SCREAMING WOMAN. THE PROTECTOR AND THE VILLAIN. MANAGER JACK AND ONE OF HIS ACTRESSES FIGURE IN AN ADVENTURE IN SANTIAGO, SOUTH AMERICA. MR. JACK RESCUES THE LADY AND BRINGS HER HOME.

It seems as though an air of romance clings to the theatrical profession. Day after day some strange occurrence of a romantic and often of a pathetic character creeps out. One such had its termination at Mr. Jack's opera house on Madison Street, Chicago, lately. We say it terminated, but there may be a sequel if Mr. Jack catches hold of the villain.

A few years ago Sam paid a visit to South America, and made an extended tour of the Republic with a view to a theatrical reciprocity scheme, such as he worked in Mexico, whither he had taken his big Extravaganza Company. While sojourning in Santiago, he was called one stormy night to the docks to see about the transferring of some expensive spectacular scenery, from that port to Rio Janeiro, belonging to one of his shows. He

was detained on the outgoing vessel later than he expected to be, and when he stepped on the dock the clock in the steeple of San Miguel was striking the midnight hour. The docks at Santiago are without exception the finest in South America, indeed it is doubtful if Rio has better dockage facilities. However, this did not bother Mr. Jack one way or the other. His mind, when the clock struck, was away off in North America, Chicago probably, but the heavy tones of the clock's broken striker (for the tongue of San Miguel's clock has been broken for years) no sooner died out, than he was startled by hearing a piercing shriek from the lips of a woman, and the next instant the words:

"Let me go, Perdito! Let me go, I say! I must return to my own country. You dare not detain me longer." Then followed a low moan as of one in pain.

A moment later the aroused manager, who hastened at the first sound in the direction of the voice, stood before two persons who were partly hidden by one of the low Spanish porticoes peculiar to that country, one of which extended over the broad stone "*banquetta*" or pavement. The two persons were a low-browed, swarthy, villainous looking Spaniard, and a fair but fragile girl who in evident fear cowered before him.

"What means this?" inquired the manager of

the Spaniard. "What affront have you been offering this young lady, you scoundrel?"

"*Quién prequnto, no Yerva,*" said the Spaniard, flashing a keen look from his serpent-like eyes at his questioner. "But why," he added in good English, "do you ask? What reason have you to know?"

Before Mr. Jack could reply the young lady, divining that she had found a protector in him, and seeing also that he was one of her countrymen, threw herself before him and in terror-stricken tones asked him to save her, saying she had been abducted from her home in the States and was being persecuted by the monster.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "save me! save me! and God will bless you for it."

"Trust to me, miss," said the gallant American, "I will save you," and bidding the slinking Spaniard be gone, he offered his arm to the young lady, and was about to conduct her to her hotel, when she leaped before him with a scream, and the next instant, before he divined what was the matter, she fell into his arms bleeding from a wound in her left arm, the plump pink and white flesh of which had stopped the stilleto of the Spaniard which had been aimed at the heart of Mr. Jack. He was forced to uphold his countrywoman and therefore could not give chase to the fleeing coward, who ran full tilt down the street, sure that he had slain the lady.

He fired two shots after the flying Spaniard, but owing to the darkness, of course, could not get an aim, and the would-be assassin escaped in the gloom of the night.

A few days served to heal the wound in the young lady's arm and in the meantime the manager had heard her sad story. Her name was Naidee Le Ceour. She was the daughter of one Pierre Le Ceour, a well-known and wealthy sugar planter in Louisiana.

Perdito, for such was the name of the Spanish abductor, had formerly been a master on one of her father's ships running in the South American trade, and a man noted for his violent temper.

He fell in love with the daughter of his employer and vainly tried to win his suit. But he was refused by the young lady and discharged by her parent. Then the miserable scoundrel one night, aided by some confederates, succeeded in abducting the girl to South America, where she, being a magnificent singer and quite a linguist, appeared in grand opera, making a great deal of money, which was extorted from her by the scoundrel Perdito, and making a great success for which she did not care.

Mr. Jack vainly sought for the Spaniard.

He had disappeared.

Our hero soon finished his business in Santiago, and in a short time he, in company with his fair



NAIDEE LE COEUR.

countrywoman, Naidee, took ship for America and shortly after landed safely in New York.

Here the severest blow of Naidee's life was to be met. During her year's absence a visitation of that dread scourge, yellow fever, had taken away all belonging to her, her father, mother, and a maiden aunt, at the old homestead in the south.

A fondness—purely platonic—had sprung up between Naidee and Mr. Jack, and at his solicitation, and so as to make herself busy enough to forget her troubles for a time, she joined the celebrated Extravaganza Company, and has since sung nightly and played leading parts in that organization. She had almost forgotten the occurrence of her abduction, when an incident happened which brought the whole affair as vividly before her as if it was again happening in all its dreaded horror. The extravaganza company was playing at Sam T. Jack's Opera House on Madison Street, and of course Naidee was one of the bright particular stars.

One day she was walking from the Clifton House, at Wabash and Monroe, where she always resides when in Chicago, to the opera house to attend a matinee performance, when she was suddenly confronted by the Spaniard, Perdito, and the fright of the meeting so overcame her that she fainted on the sidewalk. A crowd collected and again the

Spanish villain disappeared. Miss Naidee was unable to appear at the show, and that night Mr. Jack placed the matter in the hands of a Chicago detective agency, of national reputation, so that Perdito may yet suffer for his sins.

Miss Naidee inherited from her father a great deal of money and real estate and she will ere long quit the stage to enjoy it, for rumor hints that she will soon be wedded to a young Cuban gentleman of wealth and station.

CHAPTER XIV.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN. LILLY CLAY THE DAUGHTER OF A WEALTHY ENGLISHMAN. HER STUDIES IN PARIS. A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY OF WHICH SHE WAS THE INNOCENT CAUSE. IN THE HOUR OF HER GREATEST BEREAVEMENT SHE ADOPTS THE STAGE. HER FORTITUDE. SAM T. JACK ASSUMES HER MANAGEMENT.

One of the most remarkable women of the day is Miss Lilly Clay. She was born about thirty-five years ago in Dorchestershire, England. Her parents were rich and though they did not spoil her they indulged her in every caprice, and in addition to giving her a thorough education sent her to Paris to have her voice cultivated. She had displayed musical talent at a very early age, but it was not until she was placed under her Parisian tutor that she realized her great vocal power. Her parents in humoring her by sending her to Paris, had especially forbidden the child to entertain any idea of going upon the professional stage, and appearing as a public singer. Lilly went to France determined to obey the wishes of her parents, but her dazzling charms and wonderful voice com-

pletely overpowered her impressionable tutor, and in an evil moment he told her she was born for the stage and that she would commit a crime against society if she permitted such talent as she possessed to be hidden from the public. Lilly was young and desirous of going upon the stage, notwithstanding her promise to her parents, but still she weighed every word and gave the matter deep thought.

"How am I to go on the stage, Professor?" she asked artfully.

"I shall put mademoiselle on the stage."

"You?" she asked suspiciously, for something in the man's voice and look made her suspicious of him.

"Yes, I shall make mademoiselle the greatest prima donnas."

But Lilly was not sure that the man's enthusiasm over her talent was sincere. She knew that he was radiantly beautiful, and that her voice possessed extraordinary power, and she shyly suspected that she had made an impression on her tutor other than that of pupil and tutor solely.

She consulted a young French gentleman, a friend of her parents, who had been very attentive to her. He advised her to at once change her professor, adding that the price of the man's efforts to place her on the stage would be her hand in marriage.

"I marry him!" said Lilly contemptuously. "Never!"

"Ah, well, mademoiselle," the Frenchman replied, shrugging his shoulders, "it very often happens here in Paree, and many times eet ees no marriage at all, see?"

But Lilly considered that she was perfectly able to take care of herself and concluded to continue her voice culture without fear. She disliked to change her tutor because he was a very good one and was very enthusiastic over her. She saw no harm in fitting herself for the stage whether she would ever adopt it or not, and therefore she made no change, but continued to pursue her studies, and placed herself under his complete control. He added dancing to the music lessons, and was wont to remark when the fair Lilly whirled around in her terpsichorean exercises that "Venus herself would envy that perfect form."

It was about the time that Lilly had completed her studies and the professor was paying glowing tributes to her talents and urging her to adopt the stage, that a terrible tragedy took place. Her tutor had been growing more and more affectionate day by day, until she could no longer, under any circumstances, mistake his passion for enthusiasm.

He virtually haunted her presence and made himself obnoxious to her. One day, fired with a lustful passion, he entered her apartments and



DOLLY DAVENPORT.

found her arrayed in a killing toilette awaiting the arrival of the young Frenchman alluded to above and who held the honored place of 'Lilly's lover. The moment he saw her as she reclined on a sofa he lost his head and rushing up to her embraced her and poured burning words of love into her ears.

She in vain attempted to free herself from the man who pinioned her in his arms, and she screamed for help at the top of her voice.

Help was nearer than she dreamed of, for her lover had just reached the door. In bounded the young Frenchman. He sprang forward and clutching the bestial villain by the throat, he dashed him to the floor; then he challenged him to mortal combat.

The duel took place the following morning, and with fearful result, for both men were shot dead.

"I never knew how well I loved you until now," said Lilly, as she embraced the inanimate form of her young and brave lover. "I shall never love another."

Lilly Clay has kept her vow. It was only a short time after the tragedy that both her parents were lost at sea, and she was without friend or relative in the world to protect her.

She inherited a large fortune at the death of her parents, for she was an only child.

It was at this stage of her life, both parents

dead, and the man whom she loved shot down defending her honor, and with the world looking dark before her, she showed that remarkable fortitude which has ever since distinguished her and characterized her career. She went to London, now fully resolved to adopt the stage as a profession, and before long did so. In one season she rose to be the reigning queen of burlesque and ere long was world famous. Her physical charms coupled with her mental and moral qualities, soon brought the nobility to her feet, and that established her future success. She enslaved all men and favored none. She was truly wedded to her art.

It was Sam T. Jack who induced Miss Clay to come to America, and he who has managed her here, organizing a company especially to support her and calling it after her, and everybody here knows how successful the venture has been and the financial profit it has brought to Mr. Jack and Miss Clay.

CHAPTER XV.

DAVID AND GOLIATH. HOW A BIG BOUNCER GOT HIS DESERTS.

Another little incident that happened up in the "North Countree" will serve to show that "the race is not always to the swift." The upper, like the lower, rivers were pretty tough in those days of Sam's Flotilla, especially that portion up and around the neighborhood of the confluence of the Monongahela, Allegheny and the Ohio, where raftsmen from the mountains, miners from the hills, and flatboatmen from nowhere in particular, mostly did congregate. A performance without a row was the exception rather than the rule. Sometimes these affairs were kept within the limits of the natives themselves and many were the impending "scraps" that were set to come off on "show-day." But very often the toughs were inclined to "hev sum fun with them show fellers," and then the toughest among them would be "jibed" into fighting a showman. This happened on one occasion when Captain Jack's Flotilla landed at McKeesport, a few miles from Homestead, where



MISS KATE FORSYTHE.

the great strike riot occurred in the winter of '92 and '93. The company had just had breakfast on the big boat, when in on the main deck stalked a long, lank giant in homespun, who coolly seated himself upon a pile of "props" and began making a tesselated pattern of white and amber, by squirting tobacco juice upon the recently scrubbed deck. This occupation was varied by indulging in jeering and insulting remarks whenever a member of the crew or company passed by him.

The showmen knew what all this meant, but avoided the bully and attended strictly to their business as they had orders to do. Presently Captain Jack came down-stairs and was shown the intruder. The captain approached him and politely requested him to vacate, as the boat would soon be made ready to admit the crowd.

"Nope, I guess not, Cap. I hev got sum business hyar," said the bully.

"Well, what is your business?"

"I jest want to lick the best show feller you all hev got hyar, en I ken do it too, that's all."

Captain Jack sized the giant up, and in his nonchalant, matter-of-fact way said: "You're too big to handle yourself with one of my best men. You would not be lively enough. You couldn't get out of your own way until one of my men would have you licked. You had better go home."

"Trot out your goldurned man, Cap n, en I'll show you."

"Well, if you won't leave without a fight, and as I am sure that any *man* on the boat is too much for you, I will hand you over to a *boy* who will be able to do a man's work for you. I've got one here that can lick you and he is not as big as one of your legs. Lew!"

In answer to the Captain's call a young man who was known in those days as "Lew Wepstein, the Buffalo Bavarian," came forward from the stern of the boat, and was made acquainted with the bully's wishes and at once signified his willingness to fight, saying in an aside to the Captain, "I won't do a thing to that mark."

All this time a large crowd was assembling on the levee and anxiously inquiring when the show would be open, so it seemed to Mr. Jack that inasmuch as there was to be an extra attraction on the bills, in the shape of a good square "scrap for keeps," it would be wise to raise the price of admission to a half dollar. This announcement was made and the fight set for the last number on the program of the matinee performance. The news was hailed with cheers, for there was hardly a man or woman in the crowd who did not enjoy a fight better than anything else, and the result was that the boat was crowded from stem to stern. The show went on in the regular way, and then came the dessert, so to speak.

Both men were game and went to their work in

good order. There was no thing-um-bob business, no ducking and scraping, but it was scrapping, hammer and tongs, from the word go, and a better fight was never brought off on the river than it proved to be. They fought for more than an hour—sixty rounds of good hard slugging, but lightness and science won the day, and Goliath was whipped by little Lew, the boy scrapper it took about ten minutes to bring the big fellow to, after the fight, but when he did regain his senses he arose, and looking about sheepishly while he shook his little antagonist's hand, said to Mr. Jack:

"Look hyar, Cap'n, I'm all fired glad you didn't put one of your men against me, 'cause ef you hed whar would I be? Ef a *boy* kin do me this-a-way your men hain't no spring chickens."

Mr. Jack laughingly answered that he carried good men and good boys too; the men to do the playing and the boys to do the fighting. He then slipped twenty-five dollars into the hand of the defeated aspirant for fistic honors and bade him be wiser next time and let some other fellows do the fighting. The news of the affair of course got around and proved a good advertisement for the night show, but two or three other mountaineers had to be licked through the night, before good feeling could be established, or the show commence. This novel way of doing good for the sake of peace had its effect upon the turbulent crowd and the performance soon began.

CHAPTER XVI.

SAM AS A TENDERFOOT (?) NERVE WORTH A HUNDRED CENTS ON THE DOLLAR. ITS SALUTARY EFFECT ON THE BOYS.

In the days of long ago, when Dodge City was a wild and woolly frontier village, it required a good deal of nerve to run into the town with any kind of a burlesque show, and was worth a man's life to put on any eastern frills. . Kid gloves, tall hats, and other evidences of the civilization of the effete east were strictly barred, and the costume *de rigueur* was a pair of buckskin trousers tucked into high-heeled riding boots and supported by a cartridge belt containing fifty rounds, a red shirt and sombrero hat, overtopping a head of long hair.

Well, Sam struck Dodge City on one occasion with the Lilly Clay show and struck it, too, when it was on the very verge of civilization, just hanging on the verge, so to speak. There was no regular theatre, nor was there a good hotel in the town. There was plenty of money though, and that

brought Sam and his bevy of feminine beauties. When show day came the town was filled with cowboys, rustlers and toughs, and all of them were bent on seeing the "Leg Show," having a good time, and incidentally some fun with the manager.

Mr. Jack learned this and realized the necessity of duly impressing the natives with a sense of his ability as a fighter before the show began. At that time, one Peter McCarthy, who at this time is an official in Hamilton County, Ohio, was a deputy sheriff at Dodge City. Peter was a very efficient officer and was spoken of by everybody as a "good feller." Now Peter felt himself duty-bound, probably because Sam was another good fellow, to warn him of the awful possibilities which might result from wearing a tall hat and a fancy vest pattern on the delightful street of Dodge.

Sam was wearing what was known in those times as a Greely hat, and had worn it all the way from New York, and what was still more he did not propose to have any man select the kind of hat he was to wear.

The well-meaning sheriff affected to despise tenderfeet, but because of his feeling of official responsibility, which was probably more thoroughly aroused at the thought of a possible free seat to the show, he started to give Sam timely warning and began his remarks as follows:

"Be you-all the show manager, mister?"

"I am, sir."

"You-all allow to act right out in the Town Hall to-night, I reckon?"

"Yes sir."

"You a-goin' yu self?"

"Yes siree."

"Wall er—er—look hyar boss—be you a-goin' to rustle around town in thet thar stovepipe hat?"

"Well," said Mr. Jack, who had grown tired of being catechised, "let me ask you a question: Why do you want to know whether I will rustle around in this stovepipe hat or not?"

"Wall," responded the sheriff, a little hot under the collar himself, "'cause I kem in hyar a feelin' friendly, en to give you a pinter, see? En I would advise you not to wear that hat down town, 'cause the boys er waitin' fer you down to Wells, Fargo's 'en they'll shoot the goldurned thing full o' holes sure ez you're born." Then closely examining the hat, he added: "They don't 'low no seech tiles hyar in Dodge, so take my advice, pard, en don't wear the pesky thing, 'cause it jes regular riles them ere fellows."

Peter here looked at Sam with an I-know-you-won't-wear-it sort of a smile. But the sapient Sam smiled serenely and said:

"That's the trick, is it? Well, that's funny. Now if the boys in their highfaluting hilarity should miss the hat and hit the wearer, what would be the result?"

"Wall, boss, ef you wear it you must just stand your chances, but I reckon you won't do that—it's kinder ticklish, you know—not but that the boys air good shots, they are that every one of them; but the likker is a kind of lively 'n consequence of the show gals an one thing or another, en it is possible that some on em may be a leetle shaky, en so hit y'self 'stead of the hat, see?"

"Just so," said Sam, who was writing on a piece of oblong paper at the end of the bar, which served for bar and desk. "Just so," and having finished writing he turned to McCarthy and said: "Can you read this paper, my friend?"

Peter could and did read it. It was as follows:

I WILL SHOOT THE MAN WHO DARES TO SHOOT THIS HAT.

"Now," said Sam, "I will be going down to Wells, Fargo's in a couple of minutes, as I have some business there. In the meantime you can go down and tell the boys that I am loaded for bear, and that if one of them can get the drop on me he will be welcome to it. But I can take the eye out of a mosquito with one of these barkers at twenty paces and I'm damned if there is another man in Kansas who can do the same." Here he exhibited a pair of Colt's revolvers of forty-four caliber and looked as though he meant what he said.



A VISION FOR DODGEITES.

"Game, b'gosh!" cried Pete. "Look hyar, you'll do for Dodge."

By this time Sam had fastened the paper to his hat around the band and calling Pete's attention to it said:

"I will wear this paper just so as I go down the street. All the boys can see it, and any of them who may care to swop shots with me are welcome. But tell those who will dare to shoot—if any will—that they had beter shoot for blood; for I will kill the first man that pulls a trigger."

Pete's jaw dropped at the ultimatum of the tenderfoot and his display of nerve. He started out for the boys and, of course, told his story and added a few embellishments of his own, and soon had the boys, who admired nerve more than any earthly thing, whooping it up for the tenderfoot. The upshot of the matter was that the manager wore his Greely hat to and from Wells, Fargo's and wore his cartridge belt and guns. The boys were congregated outside of the "House of Blazes" and cheered him. He stopped and "likkered up" and that settled it. Respect for the wearer of the hat prompted them to applaud his action and instead of shooting it they would have made it hot for any one who tried it.

That night the "Standing room only" sign was hung out at seven o'clock and Sam and his Greely hat had won the day on nerve.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAUGH ON THE LEGISLATOR. HOW WHAT WAS APPARENTLY A NUDE WOMAN WAS CLEARLY PROVEN NOT GUILTY OF INDECENT EXPOSURE.

Opposition in the burlesque business, like circus and minstrel lines, sometimes waxes warm, and, by the way, as the simple word opposition conveys in itself no distinct understanding to the general reader of what it really means in the show business, we will proceed to explain.

Opposition means, in show phraseology, a position of affairs where two companies giving a like form of entertainment in a general way, appear at the same time in different houses in the same town. Of course there is only a certain percentage of all communities who attend certain classes of shows, and where two companies of the same class are showing as above, the synchronism impels each manager to make his utmost endeavors to do the biggest business; and the smarter man and better advertiser of the two will usually "hog the persimmons." This can even happen when the hustling manager has the poorer show of the two.

Well, Mr. Jack's big "Forty Thieves Company" was at one time touring the western states, and at the same time there was another burlesque company playing over the same territory, and for several stands both shows appeared in the same cities in different theatres on the same nights. The fact that Mr. Jack had the better show of the two, did not keep his astute highness from buckling on his hustling jacket and sallying forth to "do" his opponent in a business-like way.

Always handy with his quill, and possessing a wide acquaintance among the newspaper fraternity, which made him a welcome visitor to the sanctum of "the boys," he broke loose in the columns of the dailies and tore panegyric to pieces in telling the merits of his show, while he simply made bombast blush with envy in describing the talents and beauty of the fair and faultless Miss Maude King.

Of course, hustling of this kind had the desired effect and Sam did the business, while the other fellow did the walking—and walking wasn't good at that. This kept up for so long that the enforced pedestrian was going broke, and about this time there was a diverging in the routes, of which he was not aware. He was standing in the hotel corridor in a town in which he played a week and the Jack show did not, but in which Mr. Jack had some private business, when in walked the latter one morning.

"Great God, Sam!" said his frightened opponent. "Do you play here? You have no paper up."

"Play here? Of course I do, and let me tell you something," he added, simply seeking to increase the discomfiture of the poor fellow, for he had let up on him: "I play every stand you play this season, and if you change your route and play in Hades, you will find me billed there when your incompetent agent hits Hadesville." Shortly after he told the poor fellow that the opposition was over and that he would have no more trouble. One thing is certain, that he never got in on the Jack show's territory again. But opposition from a rival showman is as nothing compared to the opposing power of misguided legal and virtuous (?) indignation.

On one occasion a church-mad fanatic who was elected to the legislature in a certain state, took a pious spasm, and had a bill passed prohibiting, under a heavy penalty, the posting of show bills with pictures representing ladies *in tights*. Mr. Jack at the time was showing a series of living pictures and among the number one was called the "Greek Slave," after Power's masterpiece exhibited at the World's Fair, Chicago, and as the statue was exhibited, of course, in an entirely nude state at the Fair, his reproduction of it on the bill had to be the same. Imagine, therefore, the horror of this moral manufacturer of laws when on awaken-

ing one fine morning he found the "Greek Slave" in all her original purity pasted on his front fence with an announcement attached bearing the date of the coming show. Of course he rushed at once to headquarters, and swore out a warrant for the arrest of the manager who dared to so openly break the law. Mr. Jack and his company arrived in the city the following week and he was arrested immediately upon his arrival. He hired a well known wag of a lawyer to defend him, and when the case came up the court room was crowded, as the people of the town expected fun.

The case was called and the legislator sworn.

He swore that he had seen the bills posted upon his own fence and that, too, in violation of the law as framed by himself and passed by the legislature, of which body he was a member at that time. Then he was cross-examined by Mr. Jack's lawyer and the cross examination elicited the fact that the bill, as framed, referred in no part to *nude* pictures, but simply held that pictures of actresses *in tights* should not be displayed within the limits of the city, and on this slight technicality the manager's legal wag won the case and wound up his argument with a long dissertation on nudity in art. He not only won the case, indeed, but thousands of dollars' worth of good advertising for the manager. Of course the lady did not appear on the stage in the way she was billed, but wore flesh



THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE.

colored tights, and the picture was encored so often that week that Mr. Jack actually paid her for overtime, something theretofore unheard of in the show business.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SELECTING BEAUTIES FOR THE STAGE. HOW HE DOES IT. AN AMUSING AND AMAZING SITUATION. "YOU DESIRE TO SEE MA SHAPE?"

In selecting ladies for burlesque companies Mr. Jack has very few, if any, equals in this country, and he can tell a good form with surprising quickness. Let, for instance, a young lady write to him from a distance and ask for an engagement, and all she need do to have him know just how she will appear in tights is to give the number of the shoe she wears, and the size of her corset, with her weight and height. He was never phased but once in all the selecting he has done for the stage—and heaven knows he had done enough of it to satisfy any mortal. While in Haverhill, Mass., rehearsing the Creole show, one of his New Orleans agents wired him that he had discovered a very beautiful young Creole lady who was desirous of going on the stage, and who, he thought, was possessed of considerable talent.

The lady in question was a full-blooded Creole, a member of one of the first families of her race,

and a real beauty. She was very tall and elegant, and as graceful as a sylph, with a voice that could coax the birds from the bushes. The agent in New Orleans sent the lady north to Haverhill. She duly appeared in that thriving town, and sent a district messenger boy to the theatre where Mr. Jack was holding rehearsals, to acquaint him with her coming.

It so happened that in selecting a hotel she had hit upon the very one which the manager himself was putting up in, and so when he went to dinner he called upon her. He questioned her as to her reasons for wishing to go upon the stage, and made such inquiries as are customary upon such occasions. All these queries she answered readily except one. She admitted having an estrangement with her family, but would not give the reason for it.

Of course it was none of the manager's business, a fact which he quickly recognized when the lady told him that she had just become of age, and had good reasons for not disclosing the cause of the breach. She spoke but imperfect English, and what she did speak was in the peculiar dialect of her people.

She but imperfectly understood Mr. Jack also and this condition of affairs brought about an amusing and to the manager at least an embarrassing denouement, and it came as follows:

Mr. Jack, among other things, asked the young lady the size shoe she wore, the number of her corset, etc., and concluded by saying: "I desire to know how you look on the stage; the sort of figure you have."

"Ah, so, M'sieur, oui, oui, I un'stan'. You are desire to see ma feegur. You pa'don me, M'sieur, you see here ma foot," and she protruded from beneath her gown as neatly shaped a foot and ankle as the connoisseur to whom she showed them had ever seen even in his experience.

"Oui, I un'stan', you like know ma feegur—well, pa'don one leetle meenut, M'sieur." She had departed like a flash through the portiere which divided her suite of rooms; gone as Mr. Jack supposed to bring another pair of shoes, or probably a photograph.

Imagine his surprise and discomfiture, however, when after a lapse of, say five minutes, the portiere was quickly drawn aside, and there in all her regal beauty, aye, in matchless magnificence stood the young Hebe in a pose that showed every bewitching line of her enchanting form and clad goddess-like in Nature's raiment only. Talk of beauty unadorned being adorned the most!

Here was a sight fit for the gods.

"See, M'sieur, see! Here is my form. How you like, eh? You think I will make good for the stage, yes?"

It would be needless to chronicle Mr. Jack's reply had he had an opportunity to make one, which he did not, for just as he was gazing wrapt in admiration at the unequaled picture before him, a knock came to the door.

Quick as thought he flew to it and noiselessly turned the key in the lock, while he held his finger on his lips as indicative of silence to her, a gesture which she readily understood. He then withdrew and silently seated himself, while she, too alarmed to move, still retained the matchless pose she had struck when she made her re-appearance through the portiere, remaining unconsciously, tantalizingly, temptingly, maddeningly there.

Now here was an embarrassing position, and to add to it the knock came again and this time with renewed vigor.

Quietly arising from his seat Mr. Jack approached the rare beauty and gently went with her back of the portiere. He was afraid to permit her to dress herself lest the noise of her rustling garments would be heard by the person at the door, who would thereby be put into a speculative mood as to the reason why he or she was not admitted, and all in all it was a queer predicament. In the room where they were—the young lady's bedroom—they were free from observation, and could remain so long as they chose. If they did not make noise enough to be heard in the hall, they might



AH, M'SIEUR, YOU DESIRE SEE MY SHAPE, OH!

have killed each other and no one would be the wiser, and as long as they did not make noise doing anything else, of course, it was the same thing. The only danger was in Mr. Jack being seen leaving the room after too long a delay, and yet he could not leave while the young lady was *en dishabille*, or while the knocker was at the door. What was he to do? That was the question.

Well, he came here to place the young lady in a position in the amusement world, and this he did as quickly and quietly as possible, barring knockers, and everything. It took but a few moments to arrange matters, and everything turned out as agreeably as could be expected under the circumstances. The young beauty was engaged for the season, and, moreover, before Mr. Jack left the room, which was very soon after he entered it, he had gotten an answer to his question regarding the estrangement between the lady and her family, indeed, he knew all her secrets.

A few years previous, it appears, she had been induced by a French artist of New Orleans, who was "stuck," as she expressed it, "on to ma shape," to stand as model for a painting in the nude, and unfortunately the picture was recognized by a young Creole gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married. It appears that the artist and the young lady's lover were friends, and it was while paying a casual visit to the studio of the former that the picture was discovered by the latter.

There was a duel, a dead lover, an estrangement, and from all this came the death of an artist, and the birth of an artist, in the debut of one of the sweetest singers, most charming dancers, and surely the handsomest Creole Mr. Jack ever put upon the stage.

CHAPTER XIX.

LADIES WHO HAVE BECOME WORLD FAMOUS AND BEAMED BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS FOR SAM T. JACK.

Miss Ettie DeLong, whose picture is seen here, is one of the many handsome women who made their first appearance under Mr. Jack's management, and one of the many in that bright cluster which since that time have become famous. Miss DeLong was born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, and educated in that city, finishing her studies in famous Vassar College. She was always noted for the purity and strength of her voice and easily reached high C when taking music lessons at the College of Music in Cincinnati, Ohio.

She made her debut under Mr. Jack at the London Theatre in New York City and at once made a most decided impression. Her voice was a pure contralto, and was far from being her only charm, as she proved at once that she was born to the stage, having an elegant stage presence and a face and form that would charm the gods. As a



MISS ETTIE DE LONG.

pianist she had very few equals and showed a warmth of feeling and expression that denoted proper poetic conception and a full comprehension always of the music in hand.

At a concert given on one occasion to the flood sufferers of a northwestern town she gained national reputation, by her remarkable execution on the piano. But it was as a comedienne and a burlesque artist that she excelled, and won fame and fortune. She appeared under Mr. Jack's management for nearly four consecutive seasons, and at his request, for no man could be more unselfish in dealing with her, she accepted an engagement with one of the first European opera managers, during which time she opened in London, England, and played all the eastern hemisphere, appearing on every stage of note in Europe. Later she married the manager and retired. Her husband was by birth an Italian Count—no purchased title—and now she is the Countess V——r, residing in a villa outside Rome, none more honored or respected than she, and surrounded by all the luxuries that money can procure and good taste suggest. She is a loving mother, a devoted wife, and a pure and pious philanthropist—a very angel to the poor around her.



MISS MAMIE VAVASOUR.

MISS MAMIE VAVASOUR.

During one of Mr. Jack's visits to Paris, where he always attends the performances given at the *Café Chantantes*, his attention was called to the singing and dancing of a young lady who had the gay metropolis at her feet, figuratively speaking, and, of course, the first move on the part of America's leading burlesque manager was to proceed to engage the charmer who was thus capable of proving herself the chief attraction of the most important theatrical center in the world, especially in the burlesque line. Fortunately the engagement which the lady was playing concluded in ten days, and Mr. Jack's tempting offer to come to America at more than double the salary she could get in Paris was readily accepted and the contract signed. This lady was Miss Mamie Vavasour, and her singing and dancing at once captured this country—she created a furor in New York which since her day has never been equaled. She was tall and stately, with the bearing of a queen. Her form was as perfect as ever nature molded, with limbs which were perfection's self and a bust and torso that would drive an artist mad. Her face, like her form, was simply faultless, from the black depths of her swimming eyes to the bow-like curve and cherry ruddiness of her tempting mouth and lips. Her action was full of an unconscious grace, and

every movement was made with a charming ease and plastic smoothness. If her singing was a revelation, surely her dancing was delightful; she glided through her motions like a winged goddess and seemed to live on action. In those passionate movements of the dances once so popular at the famous *Jardin Mabille*, she was perfectly at home, and possessed that strange, magnetic power, the gift of few professionals, of carrying her audience with her, as it were. Always beautifully costumed and full of that Parisian *chic*, she was a veritable wonder. She is now in her native land again, but Mr. Jack will soon have her renew her acquaintance with the American public even in better form than before.

MISS MAUDE GARFIELD.

"Bleeding Kansas" has given to the world much corn, women politicians, and populists; and would be entitled to our eternal thanks if it gave the country nothing else but that most charming of burlesque artists, Miss Maude Garfield, a most rollicking, charming and beautiful little burlesque queen. Miss Garfield is another of Mr. Jack's discoveries, a fact which neither the manager nor the artist have ever had cause to regret, notwithstanding this is the sixth season for which the lady

has appeared consecutively with his shows. Miss Garfield follows in the train of light-toed Terpsichore, and is considered one of America's foremost dancers. She trips the light fantastic in jigs, reels, hornpipes, clogs, and every other class of dancing known to the wing-heeled skippers.

She plays a banjo as few can perform on that instrument, and can sing the sweet old plantation melodies as blithely as the mocking bird trills in his native groves.

She is a finished actress, too, and possesses many charming qualities which endear her to a host of admirers. She is a splendid reader and enters into her work with a zest seen in few ladies. She is as brave as she is beautiful, and on one occasion was the means of saving a young lady's life when even brave men stood appalled and looked on in fear. It happened in this way: Sam T. Jack's "French Spy Company" was playing in a city in Missouri, and it happened at that time that the special car "Alice," which carried the company, was run into the railroad shops to undergo some repairs, and the company were stopping during the interim in a hotel. One morning about two o'clock a fire broke out in the house and in a short time the entire structure was wrapped in flames. The occupants were soon on the street and, of course, laboring under high excitement. Soon a young lady was seen at a third story window

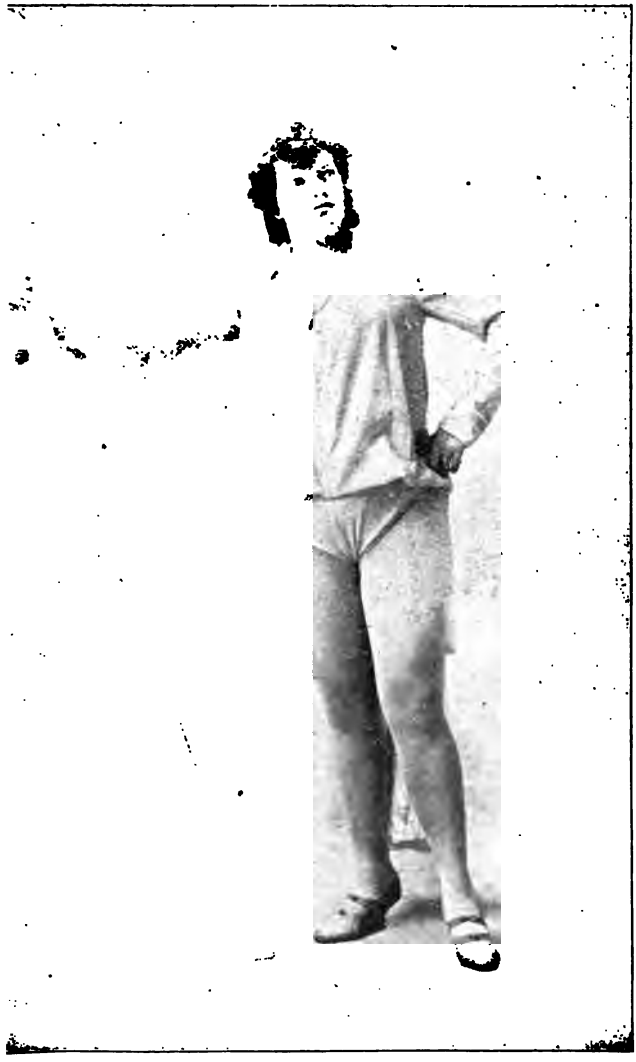


MISS GARFIELD.

screaming for help. The fire brigade of the town was worse than incompetent, and no man present dared to brave the fire fiend. Before any one was aware Miss Garfield had wrapped a wet blanket around her and started upstairs through fire and smoke. A few minutes later she was seen in the lady's room; next she and the young lady, who was crippled, dashed out in the street in a fainting condition. The young lady was the daughter of a wealthy ranchman, on her way home, and Miss Garfield is now her adopted sister.

MISS NELLIE FOX.

Miss Nellie Fox, who is just as blithe and bonnie as her name, is seen in the following picture, and handsome as the counterfeit presentment is it fails by far in doing justice to the young lady it represents. Miss Fox was born and reared near Cleveland, Ohio, and is a thorough Buckeye. She first filled the position of typewriter and secretary to Mr. Jack and this is probably the reason she went on the stage, for while operating her typewriter she conceived an idea that a typewriter ballet with proper music would be a good innovation in things theatrical, and being an apt composer she soon had her idea materialized and ready for a trial. She was selected by Mr. Jack to rehearse



MISS NELLIE FOX.

the company, or such part of it as was to appear in the ballet, he knowing full well that she would do it better than his stage manager, as she had some original ideas on the matter.

She started in to rehearse and before the rehearsals were over the manager became convinced that the stage and not the desk was her sphere, and as the salary which he offered was a great deal larger than what she received in the office she soon changed the type for the buskin and made her debut in her own creation—The Typewriter Ballet.

Her first production was a hit, and she followed it later with several others. Her greatest effort in that line was a Ballet of Nations which she produced during the World's Fair season, and which was staged in very elaborate shape.

Altogether she has produced about a dozen ballets, and every one of them has proved a success.

The World's Fair brought her more than the idea for a ballet, for it was there she met the Count de Ravogli, and to those who were in the immediate circle of her acquaintance it was no surprise when she sent them wedding cards from Paris by a late mail—and there you are.



MISS MAUDE ELLSTON.

MISS MAUDE ELLSTON.

Miss Maude Ellston, whose fair face is seen in this picture, is another of the famous galaxy who have won fame and fortune under the banner of Sam T. Jack. Miss Ellston is a Virginian by birth and comes of good old Revolutionary stock. Her great grandfather, Owen Ellston, was a colonel in command of a regiment at Yorktown, in her native state, at the surrender of Cornwallis, and had won his spurs years before through many a hot engagement in the cause of the colonists.

The family is an F. F. V., and no mistake, and it has every reason to be proud of the young lady who represents it at the court of queen Burlesque. Miss Ellston is a blonde, a trifle over medium in height and possesses a face and figure that have that ineffable and undefined charm about them which would win an anchorite from his prayers, and drive an ordinary mortal mad with vain longings. Her voice is a pure contralto of such exceeding sweetness as to linger in the memory of her hearers long after the singer has disappeared. Her repertoire of songs is very extensive, and her vocal range can scarcely be outdone.

She possesses talents of a varied order and can be placed in almost any position, filling the requirements of the part to which she is cast like a true

artist. She is not only a good reader, an excellent dancer and a surprising musician, but so beautifully modeled is her fair form that when she appears in the living pictures she commands the closest attention of her audiences, and artists are forever seeking her to stand as model for some figure which they desire to make complete.

Miss Ellston is still with Mr. Jack and will continue to be, we presume, until Hymen shall claim her and she shall become the presiding genius of an American home, and give her country another race of patriots like those from which sprang herself. Long life to her.

MISS JEANNETTE BURNS.

Miss Jeannette Burns, who is here seen, is a regal Southern beauty of that type in which is commingled the beauty of the French maid and the American girl, and her cheeks unite in a charming—aye, the most charming way the Lily of France and the Rose of America. She is the descendant of a French family, De Montreuse by name (Miss Burns being her stage name), who came to this country and settled in that part of old Louisiana which is now Louisiana proper, long before the first Napoleon sold it to the United States. She inherits her talent, as her family on

the maternal side were famous in Europe for many years. She was educated in Europe and received the very best musical education in Paris, that incomparable home of all the arts. She was discovered by Mr. Jack while she was singing as a volunteer in a concert which he was giving for the benefit of the yellow fever sufferers in New Orleans.

Her voice displayed such remarkable power that the manager at once sought her at the close of the concert, and engaged her to go with one of his companies. It took her but a short time to gain the front rank, and during her second season with Mr. Jack she was married to one of our foremost operatic managers and is now in Europe with that gentleman singing the leading roles in grand Italian Opera.

An incident which happened to Miss Burns on a Southern steamer will be found of interest here. The boat struck an ugly snag and sank a few miles below Natchez, and, as usual, there were too many passengers for the number of boats and it required heroic efforts on the part of the officers and crew to save the lives of those aboard. The last boat was being pulled away from the steamer to the shore when Miss Burns, who had been coolly securing her money and jewels and sewing them in a bag around her neck, appeared on deck forward of the cabin. The boat was gunwale deep



MISS JEANNETTE BURNS.

and would not hold another passenger. "Hold," said an old gentleman, "there is a lady. I will give over my place to her. My race is nearly run, and she is young and beautiful," and he attempted to leap from the boat.

"Stop him," cried Miss Burns; "stop him; I can swim ashore." And to prove her assertion she stepped to the cabin rail of the fast sinking boat, dived into the swift current and actually reached the shore, by vigorous swimming, before the others did.

MISS MILDRED HOLLAND.

The romantic career and tragic end of Miss Mildred Holland is doubtless well known to many of our readers, but, of course, as there are many who are not acquainted with it, we reproduce it here. Mr. Jack first met Miss Holland in London, England, where she was playing concert hall engagements, and proving herself a prime favorite. He essayed to engage her, but although he offered her thrice the money she was getting in the land of Johnny Bull he could not do so. She would assign no cause. She admitted that she would like to tour the States under the management of Mr. Jack and promised to some day, but just at that time could not be prevailed upon to



MISS MILDRED HOLLAND.

do so. She was the Jenny Lind of the vaudeville stage and counted her admirers by the thousands at every performance. She was in the heyday of her youth and beauty and so rare were her charms that she had many other admirers than those who adored her singing, and of all the latter her heart went out to but one. Yet, alas! that one was just the man of all others that she should have avoided. The scoundrel, whose name would only sully these pages, was a captain in the —— Hussars and a noted *roue*, known to all London as a wrecker of women's peace and the destroyer of many families Well, poor Mildred loved him, nay, adored him, and would not believe him guilty of what rumor ascribed to him. She lived for him alone, sung the songs which he said he loved to hear, basked in his deceitful smiles, and was really, truly, wonderfully happy. But one day the awakening came, and she discovered his perfidy, discovered that he had a wife living and that all the reports that she had heard of his character were true—and from that day the heart of Mildred Hawthorne was broken. A brain fever followed which was not kind enough to carry her off, but kept her on a sick-bed for weeks. When she recovered she cabled Mr. Jack to America and he called her over immediately. How bravely she struggled to hide her sorrow none but herself will ever know. She sang but one song during her



MISS LILLIAN DARRINGTON.

season's engagement, "The Heart Bowed Down," and fell dead on the stage in a Southern city one night, the only words she spoke after the sudden attack being: "Bury me in America." This Mr. Jack did, and her plain but handsome monument is now pointed out to all strangers visiting the city, and her sad tale told.

MISS LILLIAN DARRINGTON.

The Emerald Isle is forever furnishing its quota of handsome women to the stage and of course, Mr. Jack could not, nor would not, overlook it in selecting his galaxies of beauty. Many a fair colleen has he brought from the "Ould Sod" to make fun and merry music in America. One day while visiting Cork his attention was called to the singing of a girl who was busily engaged bleaching clothes on the banks of the river Lee. The sweetness of her voice as she, unconscious of listeners, trilled out *The Collen dhas Cruthin A Moe* fairly won him, and diplomatically approaching her, he made her acquaintance, and that of her parents. It took some weeks to convince the latter that he meant the golden offer he made her, but as he referred them to some of the "rale gentry," who assured them that he was as good as his word, the engagement was soon fixed, and a contract signed

for a season in "the land of goold." Miss Lilly made her first appearance before a Philadelphia audience, and the City of Brotherly Love, as far as she is concerned, soon became the City of Sisterly Love, for it actually went wild over the young Irish songstress. She soon proved herself a very versatile young lady, and no matter in what part she was cast in a burlesque, assumed it with an ease and mastery that was at once artistic and astonishing. Blessed by nature with a face and figure the like of which is given to few, she not only won Philadelphia, but was soon a general favorite throughout the country and nearly always under Mr. Jack's management. At this writing she is resting in Chicago, where she is the owner of several rentable houses, one of which is presided over by the "ould mother," who was loth to let Annie start for America first but has often since blessed the day she did so.

Miss Darrington will be heard from again soon, renewing her former successes.

MISS BESSIE MORAN.

Miss Bessie Moran is here pictured and probably a lovelier face than hers was never delineated.

Miss Moran is tall, graceful, lovely, with the form of a Juno, and the face of a Hebe, a veritable

daughter of the gods, and most divinely fair. She was first heard singing by one of Mr. Jack's agents while that gentleman was sojourning in Roscommon, Ireland, and so charmingly did her voice awaken the sleeping echoes of her native and ever verdant hills that her listener became not only enamored of her voice, but of its charming owner also, and, if the truth were known, was determined while preparing a contract for the season to make one with the lovely colleen at a later period of life—which, by the way, he did.

A year later he heard her again at the St. James, in London, England, and engaged her instantly. Miss Moran joined the company and made her debut in Cincinnati, which is now her adopted city, and where, as elsewhere, she is the favorite *par excellence*. Miss Moran is taller than the average woman and moves both off and on the stage with a grace not acquired by cold art, but born with her and the gift of bountiful and beneficent Nature. She is the one fair woman who dresses divinely, sings astoundingly, and charms completely.

She possesses talents of the highest order, and an education second to no lady in the land. Time and again she has been asked by responsible managers to appear in grand opera, and by legitimate managers to play leading roles in some of the leading productions, but she has refused all offers, no matter how tempting, to remain with her first love.



MISS BESSIE MORAN.

Had Miss Moran applied her talents to other lines of business she would be equally as great in them as the one she chose, for she is the very embodiment of versatility and can fit in any position in which she may be placed, no matter how difficult it may be.

The conquests of the past only foreshadow greater ones for Miss Moran in the future, and all who know her wish her only the best success.

MISS MARIE ROSTELLE.

The artist who made this illustration was certainly an artist of no mean merit, and yet he failed to do justice to the unparalleled face and gracefully posed head of that famous regal beauty, Miss Marie Rostelle. Miss Rostelle was born in Amiens, France, and came to this country in her early childhood and settled in Roundout, New York, and then moved West to Minneapolis, Minn., where Mr. Jack met her and engaged her to join one of his road companies. She made her debut in the Pence Opera House and made a decided hit with it. She made such a favorable impression that Mr. Jack soon had her playing leading roles, which she continued to sustain for several seasons. Miss Rostelle is a remarkable young lady in many ways and in none more so, perhaps, than in the won-



MISS MARIE ROSTELLE.

derfully energetic spirit she shows. She is capable of taking up several professions. She is a graduate of medicine and of law; and chemistry, geology and astronomy are open books to her; she reads the heavens like a Herschel and with greater ease than Hipparchus she can count the stars.

As a burlesque actress she has few, if any, equals, and so captivating and wonderfully charming is she that she is known as "Heartbreaking Rostelle," although it is only fair to say that this is a misnomer, and that Miss Rostelle on the stage is Mrs. —— in private life, and a most devoted wife and helpmate.

The lady possesses rare literary genius too, and has contributed some remarkable articles to the magazines of the country, and is now engaged on a resume of the burlesque stage in America, a work which already gives promise of completeness and which will be of value to a large circle of readers.

She is a leading member and as earnest a worker as any W. C. T. U. lady, and has accomplished great good among her professional friends by her advocacy of temperance.



MISS ADA REHAN.

CHAPTER XX.

SOME OF THE NUMEROUS PERFORMERS AND FAMOUS STARS WHO APPEARED FIRST, OR AT SOME PERIOD OF THEIR CAREER UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. JACK. A GREAT PROGENY.

Sam T. Jack stands in the first rank as a foster father to the children of the burlesque and legitimate stage, and can count a multitude of people who either made their debut, or have been at some time under his management. Many of these are still on the boards and not a few of them have grown famous, while a lot of them, alas! have gone to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." The now famous star, Miss Ada Rehan, made her first appearance as leading lady with Mr. Jno. T. Raymond under the management of Mr. Jack in '77 and '78. She is now one of the leading lights of the histrionic world and worthy of the highest niche in the temple of fame.

Miss Kate Forsythe, now famous, also began her career under Mr. Jack, and ended by becoming and appearing as leading lady.

Miss Lillian Russell, now the beautiful queen of the light opera stage, and the very first in her line, made her first appearance under Mr. Jack in the Famous Evangeline Company, appearing under her own name, Miss Louise Leonard.

Miss Florence Miller, another lady who has since won fame and fortune, made her first public appearance under his management.

George Rignold appeared for one year under the management of Mr. Jack, and it proved one of the best years, financially, in the profitable career of that gentleman and finished actor.

Matt Flynn, and his partner in black face, Sid Euson, for a number of years black face comedians, appeared first in white face under the management of Sam T. Jack. Mr. Flynn is now half owner with Mr. Phil Sheridan in the City Sports Burlesque Co., and Mr. Euson has many times acted in Mr. Jack's companies, and likewise managed both companies and theatres for him. He is now Mr. Jack's representative at the United States Theatre in Chicago.

The famous team, Ward and Vokes, appeared for the first time in white face for him. Bob Van Austin, the inimitable comedian and singer, and Frank Blair, as well as Ed Stephens, Hugh Cullom and several others, which space forbids mentioning here, made their debut under him.

A famous trio, who are no more, and who appeared under his management, were Miss Alice Oates, whom he managed for four years, Miss Jane Coombs, and Miss Laura Keene. He was the last manager of the last named lady, and is proud of the success met with by his famous star.

There are so many others who owe their first or some subsequent appearance to our hero that we will simply call their name legion and refer the reader to a list of the young ladies in another part of this volume, whose portraits accompanied by short biographical sketches tell more of this part of his career.

Briefly stated, his ventures up to the present are as follows:

The Pennsylvania Oil Circuit, in the western part of the State, from '72 to '76.

John T. Raymond, from '77 to '80.

Miss Alice Oates, '80 to '85.

The Lilly Clay Colossal Gaiety Co., '85 to the present, and still continuing.

The famous Sam T. Jack Creole Co., from 90 to the present, and still continuing.

During the time he conducted the Pennsylvania circuit he also ran the Mississippi Flotilla and almost lost the circuit. He intrusted the houses to an agent who attempted to defraud him out of them. While South he heard reports of his agent's action and immediately returned to the North,



MISS MAUDE ROSSELLE.

ousted the offender and took his business in hand himself, and it had run down considerably, but Mr. Jack soon had it in prosperous lines again.

From the year 1890 up to the present writing, 1895, he organized his Mazeppa, Folly, Forty Thieves, French Spy, Brazilian, Big Burlesque and the renowned Extravaganza Company with which he successfully toured the United States, Cuba, Central America, and Mexico, and during this time managed the Eighth Street Theater, Philadelphia, for one year; the Sam T. Jack Opera House, and the Empire, afterwards United States Theatre, Chicago, Ill. In all those houses he played burlesque bills only, making them, strictly speaking, the only houses entirely devoted to burlesque in the world, until in 1895 he changed the United States to a continuous performance house, and to show how busy a man he was and is, it is only necessary to state that performances are given every day in the year in those houses, and the bills changed every week except where a longer run is exploited in answer to public demand. His business with the road companies and houses has been exceptionally large, and to-day he is one of the most widely known and successful managers in America, and probably as solid financially as any. No other manager of his day has so stamped his individuality upon his work as has Mr. Jack, or so identified himself with it.

His physical vigor is only equaled by his mental caliber, and that determination which has always characterized him bids fair to win clear and sure success for him in the future as well.

When he undertook the management of the Madison Street Opera House in Chicago, the place had met with so many financial disasters, and so many managers had "gone broke" through it, that it was termed "The Morgue" and was a drug on the market. Nothing daunted, he leased the house and immediately began a system of sensational and aggressive advertising which called public attention to it once more. He out-billed all the other houses for a long time and became a very extensive advertiser in the newspapers, which came to his aid and gave him first-class representation. If a day passed by upon which Sam Jack's representative failed to have a lively story in the columns of the dailies, the omission became a matter of public remark; so accustomed did readers become to seeing them.

The house was lithographed in six States thoroughly, and a system of out-town advertising by boat, rail and wagon inaugurated which would astonish some circus owners. The benefit of all this is still apparent, for the S. R. O. sign goes out oftener for that house than any house in Chicago. The history of the Empire, now United States Theatre, is similar, only that so many had not failed

in that house. Original booming and careful handling had its effect upon this house also, and it at once sprang into popularity, which it still holds. It is now the Mecca of the West-side theater goers, and the productions of the house prove in every way pleasing and satisfactory to its patrons. There is a permanent and talented stock company, weekly change of dramatic stars and a continuous performance of melodrama and vaudeville from 1 P. M. to 10:30 P. M. daily.

Much speculation has been entered into by the fair sex, especially in and around Chicago, regarding Mr. Jack, whose portrait is better known than that of the president of the United States; and as it is always, or nearly always, seen surrounded by a bevy of fair ones, of course the fair sex are kept busy asking each other just how wicked or how charming he is.

"Doesn't he give anything but those horrid leg shows at the Sam T. Jack's Opera House?" they ask, and echo answers, "Leg shows."

His bills, which are distributed in many thousands weekly for both houses in all parts of the city, awaken a lively amount of speculation in the breasts of his fair critics, who while they consider the bills naughty are fair enough to add that they are very "nice" also.

We clip an extract from a bill of recent date, which is a fair sample of what they are as a gen-

eral thing, only, of course, allowing that the degree of delightful description is measured by the show in hand. Here is the latest allusion to the company of female burlesquers which appeared at his house:

50—DAUGHTERS OF THE GODS AND MOST DIVINELY FAIR—50

50—PAIRS OF ROUNDED LIMBS, RUBY LIPS, TANTALIZING TORSOS—50

50—HEAVENLY-SHAPED SWEETLY SWELLING BUSTS—50

ALL LOVELY, LIVELY, LAUGHING, LANGUISHING LASSIES.

50—TEMPTING, THESPIAN, TERPSICHOREAN TOWN-TICKLERS—50

50—RAVISHING, ROLLICKING, RARE AND RADIANT FAIR ONES—50

In whose bright eyes
The liquid dyes
Of Southern skies
Lie beamingly.

It is no wonder the ladies of the "Windy City" have a desire to know who and what manner of man it is who is the perennial purveyor and provider of so many beauties, and less wonder that they ask: "Where does he get them all?"

Where he gets them keeps more than the ladies guessing. He says he shakes a tree, but if that were the case every "Johnnie" in Chicago would be

a forester, and levy duties greater than Robin Hood and his merry men ever dreamed of—could you blame them, reader?

His stages are always alive with beauty and color. Young ladies in gay gavottes and military marches, costumed, as the saying is, "out of sight."

Sam has a great eye for color, and is a veritable connoisseur when it comes to beauty. Lately he advertised a beautifully costumed ballet very widely, saying among other things:

"The fair ones move in a glowing chromatic mass, presenting an undulating line of color as bright as a shattered rainbow on a sea of glorious silver."

Surely any man would allow himself to be divorced from the price to see such a sight as that.

CHAPTER XXI.

A TRIP ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO, AND AN ENCOUNTER IN THE DARKNESS WITH THE RESULT THEREOF. MISTAKE IN SELECTING A BERTH AND FUNNY DENOUEMENT.

On one occasion the extravaganza company was crossing the Gulf of Mexico from Tampa, Florida, to Havana, Cuba, when a tremendous storm, an equatorial gale, arose and almost swamped the vessel. The gale was reported as the fiercest that ever swept the waters in the memory of the oldest mariner. It came on about sundown and continued throughout the entire night and next day, and was not only a delay to the ship, but most distressing to the young ladies of the company and other passengers.

During the night the hatches were fastened down, and the companion ways leading from the cabin to the deck securely closed to keep out the water, and keep in the passengers. There was no such thing as keeping a light in the *salon*, and the darkness made everything more miserable. The

vessel was staunch and ordinarily considered a very good sea-goer, but on this occasion tossed and leaped like a cork on the face of the waters. It was impossible to do anything but lie down, and even that was next to impossible. Everybody was in trouble and too busy to tell it to their neighbors. In the stateroom next to our hero the groaning of a Cuban gentleman and his rather portly better half, was plainly heard above the storm and the creaking of the vessel. Every now and then a passenger would grope, at the imminent risk of his neck and heels, out around the salon, looking for the Cuban steward, vainly attempting to get some relief from him. But the steward was pretty busy feeding the fishes himself, old sailor and all that he was, and little comfort could be obtained from an interview with him.

Late in the night Mr. Jack crept from his room and made his way as well as he could around the salon, bumping here and there as he went, and being thrown rather violently every now and again, by way of varying the proceeding, and making it pleasant for him.

Finding it useless to do anything for himself or others, he made his way back to his cabin, stumbling as he went over the prostrate form of a groaning Cuban, who responded to the crushing he received from the heavy-weight's boots, with a *Caramba!*

Not heeding him, however, Sam groped his way to his cabin, which he occupied in company with his agent, Mr. James Murray. A groan assailed his ears as he threw himself beside the form on the bed, but as groans were the order of the night he paid no attention to it. He was too busy with his thoughts. His companion grew more and more uneasy as the time sped by, and seemed to occupy a good deal more of the bed than was necessary for one of his size. Putting out his arm to shove Murray further in the bed, he grabbed a rather portly thigh. Knowing Murray to be a small man he could scarcely believe his senses, and feeling carefully up and down the limb, he discovered that it was easily thrice as large as in his opinion it ought to be. The thought came to him that his faithful lieutenant was suffering more than usual and was from some unusual cause swelled out of all dimensions. The owner of the limb offering no resistance, he again explored its length and thickness in fear and wonder, becoming more and more convinced that Murray was pretty well swelled. All this time his companion was uttering groans accompanied by muttered exclamations which Sam could not understand.

Our hero thought it better not to alarm the sufferer and so, pretending to arrange the couch, he with a feeling of awe and amazement hurriedly ran his hand once more over the wonderfully dis-

tended limb, which was no sooner felt this time than its owner fairly roared with pain, exclaiming midst fearful groans: "Si, si, Pasquale, mon ami Pasquale."

Then a hand fastened its grip so tightly upon Sam's that it was impossible to break its hold, struggle as he might, and just at this juncture a light borne by a ship's officer flashed through the door and the ship's surgeon, accompanied by the erstwhile-walked-upon Cuban, stood in the state-room. Mr. Jack had scarcely time to see that the occupant of the bed whom he had imagined to be Mr. Murray was no other than the big wife of the Cuban gentleman, than the *Carambas* which assailed his ears made the one he heard in the salon appear as naught.

Here was a howdy do!

The storm was a gentle summer zephyr compared to the raging storm of anger in the breast of the little Cuban husband.

"Life and death!" he exclaimed in broken English. "What you mean, Senor, to go to my wife this way?"

The surgeon, whose good sense immediately took in the situation, explained the circumstances to the Cuban before Sam could speak a word, but the explanation fell heedless upon the ears of the enraged, and as he supposed, outraged husband.

"Come," said the surgeon finally, "this matter

must be settled in the salon. You gentlemen must leave. The patient needs my immediate help." And without further ceremony, or resistance on the part of Mr. Jack, he bundled the two men out of the stateroom and locked the door behind them. Whether the courage of the Cuban eked out in the darkness, or the push of the surgeon, aided by the impetus given by the ship, carried him out of hearing, we cannot tell, but Sam, who was laughing heartily at the occurrence, heard no more of him; and knowing that he himself had unknowingly got into the wrong berth, he straightway made for his own room, which he had no difficulty in finding, since it was the very next one, which had been missed by him at first on account of the darkness.

Sam did not leave his room until after the storm had subsided, and then the first man that he met was the Cuban, who, to his astonishment, reached out his hand and smilingly welcomed him. The surgeon had explained everything to the happy Cuban *father*, and the latter had vowed his determination to call one of the boys "Samtyjack Morelles," mistaking thereby our hero's full name for a surname, and wishing to show he was pleased.

"I assure you, my dear Senor, you are too kind," said Sam to the Cuban. "I was only in the berth for a minute, and really under the cir-

cumstances, you know, I—I—well, there is no reason why one of the boys should be called after me. I acknowledge I am pretty swift, but—oh! no! I desire no partnership in the paternity."

Two weeks after the arrival at Havana, Mr. Jack called upon the family to pay his respects and incidentally to inquire after the mother, who he supposed would be still an interesting invalid. He was mistaken, however, for the lady herself met him at the door and again squeezed his hand, but this time in a softer and more pleasing manner. The whole mistake was a laughable affair, and, of course, as sensible people they all laughed over it; no one more heartily than the little Cuban father, who vowed that he was still sore from where his visitor stepped upon him while he was hastening for the surgeon for his wife.

When an opportunity presented itself our hero explained the feeling process, by telling how alarmed he felt for poor Murray, thinking he was all swelled, and assured the lady that Mr. Murray was not at all "swelled" over the matter. He spent a pleasant day visiting.

There is one house in Havana where two "Samtyjacks" are welcome visitors.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HAUNTED CHURCH OF THE BAYOU TECHE. MANAGER JACK'S ROMANTIC DISCOVERY OF A BEAUTIFUL CREOLE MUSICIAN. A PAIR OF FRIGHTENED NEGROES.

Just on the outskirts of the sleepy town of New Iberia, which is situated on the Bayou Teche, in the State of Louisiana, stands an old Methodist meeting house, which was in slavery days the place of worship for the slaves of old Col. D——, but which is now and has been since the rebellion closed, and the smoke of the battle lifted over the beautiful Bayou and sailed away into the "beautiful beyond," used as a meeting place for quite a large congregation of people, who reside in all quarters of the quaint little town.

A queer congregation it is, too, and while it is generally spoken of as being colored it is far from it, as many of its members are pure stock Creoles; a strange thing, too, for the Creole is generally a member of the Roman Catholic Church, having received that faith as an inheritance from his French and Spanish ancestors.

Well, the little church adverted to was lately shaken to its foundation, figuratively speaking, by the advent of a ghost. At least it was subjected to mysterious nocturnal visitations, of such a strange character as to give life to the rumor that the building was haunted, a state of affairs which succeeded in driving the congregation away from its doors, and setting the little town on edge with excitement; for a real live ghost, and especially a church-haunting ghost, is not found every day, or, to be more precise, every night.

The nightly visitations had been going on for some time; it was remarked that they commenced shortly after the organ had been placed in the choir room of the little edifice, and many a person remembered the words of old "Uncle Pequita" that "thet thar new fangled moosic box wan't nuthin' bot foolishness nohow, and would mek trubble shuah!"

Now this remark was made by Uncle Pequita right at the levee on the evening the steamboat Mary Ament unloaded the organ which she had brought up to New Iberia for the church.

"The good Lord hain't a keerin' fo' moosic," said the old negro. "What He chiefly 'quires is 'ligion, I reckon, and genuine 'ligion is sweet 'nough 'thout no moosic. The voice of charity is moosic to the Lord, en you don't have to pump wind in a box to hab Him larn ob your good deeds. You all kin look out fo' trouble, I'm a tellin' you.'

Sure enough, trouble came.

One night when darkness reigned supreme and neither moon nor stars shone in the heavens, Uncle Pequita, accompanied by his friend Eph, had occasion to pass through a strip of meadow land which made a short cut to town and in which the little church was situated, a short distance from the main road, and as they sauntered leisurely down the "Winrow" the night air from the Bayou brought the most heavenly music to their ears straight from the interior of the little darkened church. In fright and amazement they listened to a beautiful church hymn apparently played on the "moosic box" as an accompaniment to a splendid female voice. And the next minute the superstitious old pair were making for the city at a gait which would shame a young athlete's time. Of course, the entire congregation heard the news before they slept that night, and were consequently thrown into a state of feverish excitement.

Here was a state of affairs that should be investigated.

Night after night the sounds were heard, but no one dared to investigate, and finally the congregation thinned down to such narrow numbers that services were temporarily dispensed with.

Business was bad for the church, but as "it's an ill wind that blows no good," the traveling shows that came that way caught the congregation, as the

members had no other way of spending their evenings.

One night Sam T. Jack's big Creole Company played New Iberia, and the members of the company roused the old town with such lively selections as "Johnnie, Get your Gun," "Comrades," etc., and the youths had something new and lively to whistle for some time. But judge of the surprise and horror of the erstwhile congregation, whose pious ears were assailed with the same lively airs right from the "moosic box" and the voice of the fair singer chanting the words of "Johnnie, Get your Gun" in a way that was charming. The news came to Manager Jack's ears, accompanied by such praises of the singer as to make him smell a good sized mouse, especially when he heard the "Johnnie, Get your Gun" part of the program. He returned to Iberia to investigate. This is what he found:

The night of his investigation was another dark one, one of those that sometimes come in the fall of the year in that semi-tropical part of our country, and the denizens of the town were afraid of their lives to go near the church from which, nevertheless, the music came forth as never before. Sam was, therefore, compelled to go alone into the sacred sanctuary, and when he got there he was surprised to hear the sweetest voice he, who had heard so many voices, had ever heard.

For a moment his nerve left him, but when the fair songstress struck up the familiar and lively strains of "Johnnie, Get Your Gun," he laughed and said that ghost or no ghost there was a vein of comedy in the singer that boded no ill to a visitor. And surely, too, there was a Creole touch in that voice which so sweetly sang the comic songs of his Creole show.

He entered the church.

So dark was the interior that it was with extreme difficulty he found his way to the organ loft, and could not have done so had he not been guided by the sound of the music; but as the saying goes, he finally "got there." His surprise was increased rather than diminished when he discovered a beautiful Creole maiden seated at the organ and in a very rhapsody playing and singing away for dear life. He stood spellbound for a long time, and then, carefully approaching the fair singer so as not to startle her, he made his presence known to her, and then made known who he was.

She was delighted to meet him, for ever since he had played the town she had been dreaming of a life on the stage, but knew not how to obtain admission behind the sacred portals.

He learned that she was a maid in waiting to the daughter of a wealthy planter in the immediate neighborhood, and that the wonderful musical talent which she possessed was born in her; that

she was musically a veritable blind Tom. Blind indeed! Marie Labout had the brightest and at once the darkest eyes that ever shone from the face of beauty, and as for the rest—well, if she was not a beauty then there never was one, but it is needless to say that here, for the amusement goers have seen and heard her since that night. It did not take Mr. Jack more than a little while to engage her. She explained the reason why she used the church organ. Her young mistress had a splendid piano, but on discovering that her maid could play so wonderfully well, although she had never received a single lesson from any one, a fit of envious feeling resulted, and Marie would not be allowed to look at the piano. When the church organ came Marie thought because she had contributed like the rest of the congregation she had a right to play on it, and as she worked all day with her mistress, she stole off at any hour of the night when her duties no longer required her, sometimes as late as midnight, to the organ, being consumed with a mad desire for music.

She is a wonder and can play any music or instrument at sight, and play it, as another saying goes, "better than the man who made it."

She has been with the Creole show ever since that time and is now almost world-famous, and this is how the little haunted (?) church of the Bayou Teche lost an organist, and the world,

through Sam Jack, became richer by a second Patti.

Such is life.

Business is resumed at the old church and the darky pastor is drawing his little annual stipend. Uncle Pequita has lost cast as a prognosticator and the "moosic box" still remains, but now drones out the slow and measured time of "Old Hundred" rather than such lively strains as "Johnnie, Get your Gun," and others of that ilk.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CURIOSITY NEARLY COST HIM HIS LIFE; HE DESCENDS IN A DIVING BELL TO SEE HOW THE OLD THING WORKS, AND IS ALMOST ASPHYXIATED IN THE METAL HAT.

Curiosity has always been considered the besetting sin of woman, and no one who knows Sam T. Jack would for a moment think that he sometimes allows himself to be overcome by it, so matter-of-fact is he in all things; and yet the following incident will go far to show that he is as weak in this respect as most mortals and that his weakness on one occasion nearly cost him his life.

It all came about as follows:

He was playing a certain theatre in an Eastern city on one occasion with his Mazeppa Co., and during the week he was there a number of marine divers were lifting the cargo out of a sunken vessel.

Sam sauntered leisurely down to the dock one morning and stood watching the divers descend into the blue waters. A gentleman standing by with whom he entered into conversation proved to

be the superintendent of the work, and was pleased to see the stranger take such an interest in it.

"How would you like to go down to the bottom in a bell and see how the old thing works?" laughingly inquired the gentleman, thinking, of course, that he would surely receive "Nay" for an answer.

"Well," said Mr. Jack in a quick and determined manner which surprised his listener, "I was just thinking that of all things I know of that is just the one I should like to try. I believe it possesses a power of fascination for me, and I certainly would like to be encased just once in a suit and go as a diver into the deep. I think it would interest me mightily."

"Do you really mean what you say?" asked the superintendent.

"Mean it? Certainly, I always mean what I say."

"Well, sir, if that is the case and you have the nerve to try it, you shall do so as sure as shooting; but I think when it comes to the point you won't have the courage to stick. If you do, you are one man in ten thousand and will do what I wouldn't for a fortune, and I have been around diving bells all my life."

"As for that, I do not see anything so remarkable about it," said Sam. "These men do it day after day, and they have no more nerve than you or I, probably not so much in many things if put to a test. Each of them had to go for his first descent.

Think of the man who first descended. His nerve was great, I admit, but then science was on his side and he knew what he was doing. I do not think the fact of my going in a diving bell, say thirty feet under the water would set the water on fire, so if it is agreeable, mum is the word and whenever you say 'ready' it will be my name."

That afternoon at dinner in the hotel where both were guests the matter was settled, and Mr. Jack was to make his debut in the realm of Neptune the next morning shortly after six o'clock in the presence of some choice spirits, few in number and select.

When the appointed hour came around a half dozen men took breakfast in that house, and it would be a safe wager that four of the number—society swells—hadn't risen from their beds so early for many a long day, not saying how often they remained up all night.

After breakfast the party jumped into a couple of hacks and were driven to the dock where lay the wrecker's outfit, and outside of which the sunken vessel lay. They stepped aboard the wrecker's boat and immediately began preparations for the descent, by enclosing the adventurous Sam in a suit of diver's uniform.

In thirty minutes from the time they reached the boat our hero was clad from head to foot in a suit of marine armor. A short time after he was seen

to walk to the side of the wrecking vessel and go over the side and down the ladder, without fear or hesitancy, into the water.

To say that his friends and the superintendent looked on in awe and stood literally on the tiptoe of expectation is to put it mildly. Five men never waited for a verdict half so impatiently as they waited to hear the tinkle of the bell and see the rope jerked giving the signal to haul in. But minute after minute passed and still no signal came; nothing occurred to mar the even serenity of the boy who pumped the air to the aqueous explorer for nearly a quarter of an hour, but then something happened which caused a stir on board the boat, and made the blood of the bravest amongst them run cold.

The boy who was at the pump injecting caloric into the herculean frame of the amateur diver—as he thought—discovered that he was not pumping anything to him, because the hose had in some way become loosened from the apparatus and was washing hither and thither in the water, on a sort of little wind and wave frolic of its own.

Of course this discovery caused a stir in the entire party on deck. It did not in our hero, however, for he had been unconscious for fully a minute down below, and did not have many more to spend in that sometimes to be envied state of blissful forgetfulness, for it is a costly thing to un-

dergo under the circumstances. He will always have a tender spot in his heart for the superintendent of that work, for that individual was wise enough to have a man in readiness encased in a suit of diving apparel all the time, and the minute the discovery was made he had been dropped down to look for Sam with an alacrity that must have astonished the fishes.

We will take an author's liberty and follow him; it will be safer than going with Mr. Jack.

When he descended he made straight for the deck of the vessel, of course, for she had gone straight down, and he expected to find the object of his search somewhere on the deck. In this he was mistaken and as rapidly as he could make way in the limpid water he made for the after cabin. He knew, no one knew better, the value of every fleeting moment, and he hurried as he had never hurried before, and yet of course he had to go carefully and in accordance with the rules governing his calling, which was not a thousandth part as fast as he desired.

He reached the cabin about as quick as it takes to tell it, and entering he looked about him and found it empty also. "My God!" he exclaimed, "can it be possible that he has sunk in the hold?" He turned to go when his eye caught sight of a door leading to an inner, or after, cabin and he determined to explore it. It was well he did, for

there before him, lying face down, was the object of his search; the rope taut but the pipe parted in two, as clean as though a razor had done it. The rescuer did not discover until his next trip, for he was in too big a hurry to do so, that the pipe was cut and by a razor also, but we will explain this later on and now hurry with our hero's preserver as he lifts the inanimate form which is not heavy in the water, and carries it out on deck and so on to the foot of the ladder, then up, after giving the signal, and lays it at the foot of the superintendent.

Just as the suit was stripped from the rescued man and the air struck his face for the first time, a physician arrived who had been summoned immediately, and he at once began the work of resuscitation.

Such a loosening of garments and massaging of joints and generally quiet but efficacious work was never seen by that party before, and for fully an hour the life of the adventurer was despaired of, but thanks to the skill of the physician and the rugged constitution of the patient he was pronounced out of danger and conveyed in the carriage to his hotel, where for nearly a week he was confined to his bed, and had ample time in which to repent of his rashness in wishing to astonish the scaly inhabitants of the deep and make bait of himself, simply to satisfy his curiosity.

To this day he can only tell in a confused way how he felt when all of a sudden the air left him. He says that from the moment he entered the water he felt as light as a feather, and seemed like one ofttimes feels when in a dream one is carried through the air, and suddenly dropped; and few of our readers but have at some time felt this nightmare feeling. The lightened feeling he thinks clung to him, as he walked the deck on his exploring tour, and also after he entered the cabin.

Here the first thing he saw was another diver who, ghost-like, rose before him and quickly drawing a shining weapon made a strike over his head. The next instant he felt a mingled feeling of lightness and depression and after that remembers nothing of what occurred until he found himself in bed at the hotel being kindly cared for by the physician and proprietor. His story of the mysterious diver was at first laughed at by all concerned and it was fully a year after before the truth was discovered.

Murder will out.

A prisoner, whose name we now hide behind the mantle of charity, was dying in a jail in the State of Illinois last year, and on his deathbed confessed that at the time of Mr. Jack's descent he was one of the divers engaged on the work of lifting the cargo from the sunken ship, and recalled the fact that a strike was on hand at the time of occurrence and that he was one of the strikers.

One of the divers saw Mr. Jack and the superintendent in conversation and overheard by hovering near them, enough to know that the former was going to descend on the quiet the following morning. This was enough to convince the foolish and excited strikers that the volunteer was a "scab" diver who was coming to take the place of one of the men who was out, and as the remainder of the men who were working that day, the narrator among them, were to "go out" that night and make the strike general, the coming of Mr. Jack upon the scene disturbed their plan, and caused a postponement of the general strike. All this caused the trouble, because the divers held a secret meeting that night and it was resolved by their body that striking members should be preserved and "scabs busted at all hazards." To the credit of the general body of strikers be it said, a few of their number only, a dare-devil few, by the way, met later that night in secret, and resolved upon a plan which would not only intimidate the "Boss" from employing more "scabs," but would put the supposed one out of the way forever.

This was the most outrageous and unheard-of piece of demoniac villainy ever conceived in all the deviltry caused by strikes, and the warring between capital and labor. It was as follows:

The perpetrator of the deed was selected by lot to descend a few moments before Mr. Jack and to

cut the hose of the latter's uniform with a razor while on the sunken vessel. The remainder of the committee, as the assassins called themselves, were to lower their comrade and draw him up secretly, in the forward part of the boat, which was completely hidden from the part where Mr. Jack descended by a shanty tool house built upon the main deck. This matter was very rapidly and easily accomplished, with the result as given above.

Fear of exposure after their rash deed prevented the strikers from carrying out their program of a general strike, and the matter was hushed through fear of the penitentiary. Its members were soon scattered here and there, and the one who confessed would not even name the others who participated in the dastardly crime. It is to be hoped, however, for their own good and the sake of humanity, that the strike referred to was their last, or at least the last they indulged in where "extreme measures," as the committee called it, were resorted to.

This was a case of the devil among the divers, sure enough.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ASTONISHING REALISM ON THE STAGE. HOW A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL ARTIST'S MODEL SURPRISED AND PLEASED THE PATRONS OF SAM T. JACK'S OPERA HOUSE IN CHICAGO, ILL. THE NUDE IN ART.

That insatiable monster, curiosity, was appeased at the Sam T. Jack Opera House, at Chicago, Illinois, on one occasion, and this is how it occurred. When the living picture craze struck the country and these animated illustrations were in such unusual demand, Mr. Jack was one of the first to put them on, and the first to exploit them in Chicago.

Among the young ladies who posed on one occasion was a French girl named Viola Montreuse, a tall and stately brunette who was in herself a picture if ever there was one. She had had no experience as a theatrical picture provider, but she had posed in private many a time and oft.

She was an artist's model.

While the pictures were in demand a company

had been booked and advertised very extensively, which made a feature of living pictures. A row among its members resulted in the disbanding of the picture-giving portion of the players, and as they were so widely advertised it behooved Mr. Jack to replace them for the visiting manager, and he had but very little time to do it. But there are few things he would not do for this manager, who was no other than the genial and urbane proprietor of the Standard Theater, St. Louis, Mo., Mr. James Butler, one of God's noblemen, a natural favorite and a man without a peer in many respects. His road companies are favorites in Chicago.

All companies commence the week at Sam T. Jack's Opera House on Sunday mornings with a rehearsal, which is followed by an afternoon and night performance, the house giving two performances every day in the year.

To produce the pictures Mr. Jack advertised in the morning papers of the Saturday immediately preceding the opening date of the company, stating incidentally that "none but people up in pictures need apply," meaning thereby, as a professional would understand at a glance, that applicants, to be successful ones, should have posed in living pictures before. So it was understood by all responding performers. But one young lady, Miss Montreuse, who was not a professional, under-

stood it in a different way from the rest. She took it for granted that being "up in pictures" meant posted in them from an artistic standpoint, and as she had had a world of experience in that way, having posed as a nude model, she thought she was well equipped for a position, and as the sequel shows—she was.

Times were hard on the girls, and therefore hundreds of applicants came in answer to the advertisement, and filled the manager's lobby and office all the morning. So many were the applicants, indeed, and so few the successful ones, that Mr. Jack soon discovered it would take all day to subject them to the usual examination.

By usual examination we mean a series of questions about as follows: "How tall are you?" "How much do you weigh?" "How old are you?" "What is the number of your corset?" "What is the size of your shoe?" "Can you stand, sit, and recline gracefully?"—and other queries from which the manager invariably gets as good an idea of the shape of the applicant as though he employed the Bertillon system.

But the "push" came so fast and the available candidates so few that he dispensed entirely with the questions, and would simply throw that practiced eye of his over the young ladies as they applied and whenever he observed what in his opinion was a "picture" he would simply ask: "Well, **miss, *are you up in* pictures?"**

If the answer was in the affirmative, she was engaged forthwith, and became thenceforth a star of the first magnitude—in her mind.

In the thickest of the fray came Miss Montreuse; she was ushered into the imperial presence of the Czar of all the "rushers," and immediately felt she was under the searching surveillance of that eye to which form—especially the female form divine—is an open book.

One glance satisfied Sam that he looked upon a perfect Hebe; upon a form fit for a goddess; upon rounded limbs, incomparable torso, swelling bust and all that is desirable in the burlesque line.

"Are you up in pictures, miss?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where did you work last?"

"I stood for Mr. Rice last week."

"Oh, well, if you worked for Mr. Rice you're all right. Ed. would have none but artists, I know."

Just here two natural mistakes were made.

Mr. Jack understood from the young lady's remarks that she had worked for Mr. Ed. Rice of theatrical fame, who was at that time producing "1492" in Chicago, and working a world of young ladies, and he made a mistake in thinking it was for this Mr. Rice the lady had "stood." Knowing well how careful Mr. Rice is in such mat-

ters, he had no hesitancy in giving the young lady a note to the stage-manager, telling him to place her in the picture known as "Psyche's Mirror," which is represented by a young lady, supposedly clad in nature's only raiment, and in a bewitching attitude, on hands and knees, and in such a pose that every line of the form can be seen to the best advantage, while she is looking with wonder rounded eyes at her own fair person reflected on the glassy surface of the brook.

She sees herself for the first time and is, of course, bewitched by her own beauty—Miss Montreuse was the one fair woman in all the world to exploit the picture.

"She can cast soulful Psyche herself in the shade," said Sam.

The mistake made by the young lady in her conversation with Mr. Jack was two-fold; the first came naturally as we have said in regard to her answer to the question: "Are you up in pictures?" And the second just as naturally, for by a strange coincidence she had worked the previous week posing as the Greek Slave, in the nude, for a Mr. Ed. Rice, who was a knight of the brush and palette, in his studio on the south side.

Well, there was a denouement.

All Chicago was laughing the next day, and the young lady in the box office of the Opera House was threatened with paralysis of the arms, so fast she dealt out tickets after the first show.

Such is life.

The house struck a new boom which still lasts and promises to continue as long as the performances will be given there.

Here is how it happened.

When Miss Montreuse went to the stage-manager, she was told to call on the morrow, Sunday morning, for rehearsal, and be rehearsed in her part. She went on her way rejoicing, and of course returned in the morning.

The young ladies as usual gave the rehearsal attired in their street costumes, and they were dismissed when they perfectly understood the poses.

As Miss Montreuse passed by the stage-manager on her way out from the stage, that dignitary, whose duty it is to see after the costuming of the ladies, said:

"You will make up in flesh, Miss Montreuse," meaning thereby she was to wear flesh-colored tights, but expressing himself in theatrical parlance. "You can, I presume," he added.

"Why, certainly."

That afternoon the house was full, and the performance, which was a good one, was giving general satisfaction. It was one of Mr. Butler's best companies, and everybody knows Jim is as fond of a laugh as any one living.

The living pictures were making a hit and everything going on lovely. Back on the stage everybody was busy.

The entrances held the usual complement of painted ladies, and gents in motley garb, while at "U. C.," in stage lingo, the stage-manager, about as busy as a man could well be, was arranging the young ladies for the pictures. Miss Montreuse had got her call and was standing back of the busy stage-manager in the shadow of one of the wings waiting for her turn to pose. The hurried stage ruler simply took a cursory glance at her, and saw in the somewhat imperfect light that her hair was in a Grecian knot, her features beautifully made up; and 'neath the folds of a white and gauzy mantle she had wrapped around her person, he perceived an unmistakable flesh tint.

Owing to the newness of the girls, and other troubles, he was hurried to the utmost. His *modus operandi* was to have the girls come according to the consecutive number of the pictures on the program, and just as soon as the lights and the withdrawing curtains were ready to be drawn back, he gave them their posings. He kept up a running line of talk, interspersed here and there with orders and instructions about as follows:

"Come, come there, calcium man, what are you about?" "Hurry there, carpenter, with that moss bank." "Come, now, young lady." "Where is No. 7?" And so on, almost incessantly.

Miss Montreuse was not a little disconcerted at the hurry and bustle, and stood anxiously await-

ing her turn. Something was wrong with the calcium lights, and as every one knows, pictures cannot be given in good form without good calcium effects.

Soon everything was ready for "Psyche's Mirror," the orchestra playing the music cue, and the curtains ready for withdrawal, every stage hand at his post and all in readiness for duty.

"Number Two! Number Two!" called the stage-manager, "come here, quick. You, Miss Montrose, be lively."

In the excitement she had forgotten her number and so at the very last instant, when everything was ready, he had to rush out into the entrance and draw her into the frame.

"Now then, quickly," said he. "Take your position, throw off your wrap and go ahead."

He had his thumb on the electric button and as soon as she posed he pushed the button.

Instantly the gauzy wrap was thrown back, the curtains withdrawn, the lights flashed; and the applause was deafening.

"Encore! encore!" shouted the audience, and before the bewildered stage manager could find words for the picture had knocked him speechless the stage hands, who did not know that the young lady had taken the instructions given her literally, and had made up in flesh, again opened the curtains for the encore.



PSYCHE.

Miss Montreuse, true to her calling, had made up, paradoxically speaking, by not making up at all; she had posed for the audience as she had for the artist.

The picture was a howling success.

It was a case of stage realism with a vengeance.

When the performance concluded and the audience filed out, the orchestra gayly played that popular air:

"Oh! mistakes are apt to happen in the best of families."

Since that time Mr. Jack has given his personal supervision to the stage, especially when living pictures are on.

Of course, the public readily understood how naturally the mistake was made and was not foolish or unjust enough to blame Mr. Jack for what, under the circumstances, was unavoidable, for no man is stricter in observing the proprieties than he, and this fact is well known.

Miss Montreuse is now with his Extravaganza Company.

Living pictures did not decrease in popularity because of the incident above narrated. On the contrary, the increase was so great that soon every stage in Chicago almost, had a series of them.

Prudery is perennial.

Seekers after notoriety the same.

Every now and again the leaders of society and

of church associations discard their decollete costumes and put on real clothes. They no sooner do so than a virtuous spasm begins to work in them, and they show how awfully "Parkhursty" they are by stirring up all the dirty places they can find, and imagining a lot they cannot find.

Then they throw up their eyes and hands in holy horror, and cry out: "Oh! how horribly wicked the world is!"

The living picture precipitated one of these paroxysms to an account of which we devote the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION TAKES A HAND IN THE GAME. THEY APPOINT A COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE. THE COMMITTEE VISITS SAM T. JACK'S OPERA HOUSE, AND REPORTS IN A HIGHLY PYROTECHNICAL MANNER TO THE MAIN BODY. A NEWSPAPER PUBLISHES THE REPORT AND BOTH THE PAPER AND THE W. C. T. U. ARE SUED BY THE MANAGER.

We concluded the last chapter with a few remarks relative to the "state of feeling" which piously inclined persons sometimes allow to overcome them and which always and ever creates trouble.

Society is a great institution, and when it becomes shocked over alleged wickedness, and covers its bare decollete shoulders to go out and bare other things among the "common people," such as their "doin's," it certainly does create a furor.

Great is society!

Where would we get our scandals but for it?

"Where would we be at?" as the social sage from Gotham asks.

What would become of our divorce courts and

other necessary institutions were it not for society?

We consider there is more affectation in it than in any other ten institutions we know of.

We are tired of seeing society throw slurs and mud at the "common people."

We do not believe that the tenement house and the much-abused garret are the places where crime is mostly fostered.

We know that if the young and virtuous girls were left in their garrets and not lured forth by young and old lecherous swells to their ruin and utter abandonment, the world would probably be better off.

We know that if the sleek-pated bald and gray-headed employers of young and innocent girls would pay better wages for the work done, and give examples of morality to those employed, rather than entrap them to their ruin, the world would be much purer.

We know that financial or social position, or both, should not protect any scoundrel who wrecks hearts and homes, but that the higher the standing of the criminal the greater should be his crime.

We know that when society belles and swells are found in assignation houses, opium joints, or other infamous dens, the newspaper reports invariably throw a shadowy glimmer around the truth; and instead of giving the names of the offenders as they would of John Dope or Jim Slope

they tell us that "owing to the high social standing of the parties concerned in the scandalous affair their names are withheld for the present."

Out with such rot!

Position never yet licensed crime!

Look in the high places!

Shake the old genealogical trees of the country!

Let us have light and truth and fairness!

Let "Society" be fair a little while and give itself up!

Society's skirts need an awful shaking!

Suppose instead of the W. C. T. U. ladies going around looking in other's corners for something they imagine they ought to find, they would take a look, as the newspapers of Chicago have often advised them to do, at their own basement at 161 La Salle St., and clean out their bookbindery a bit. They should make it healthy!

They should pay better wages!

They should ventilate it in more ways than one!

They should make it fit for occupancy, if the great dailies of the city of Chicago are to be believed. We only speak of what we read in them.

The servant girls employed in the homes of some estimable ladies, who go abroad under the cloak of righteousness, God and morality, could also, we believe, stand a slight advance in their weekly stipends, without having the underpinning of their morals dangerously loosened thereby.

The experiment at least is worth a trial.

Mr. Jack's name has been flouted in the faces of the American people because he employs a lot of ladies in respectable callings, and pays them large salaries. The persons who did the flouting are respectable persons. Do they pay their employees as well? If all the allegations made in Chicago, or one tenth of them are true, they do not!

Why this flouting, therefore?

Hypocrisy is the blackest and deadliest sin in the calendar. But we did not start out to lecture or moralize and will not do so.

What this country needs is less "Parkhurstism," less preaching, less hypocrisy, and more practical philanthropy.

We promised an account in this chapter of how several very respectable, and we have no doubt well meaning and pious ladies, started out on a mission of good, and we are going to print it here just as it occurred, according to certain reputable Chicago dailies.

Here is a verbatim account clipped from the *Chicago Times* of Friday, October 5th, 1894:

Women of the Women's Christian Temperance Union yesterday heard a report on living pictures in Chicago theatres. The report goes so explicitly into details of the things the union's committee saw that certain parts of it are, therefore, suppressed, though permission was obtained to print from the officers of the society. The committee

submitting the report did not care to have it read in full before the women assembled at Willard Hall yesterday, and some of them desired parts of it permanently stricken out.

The women of the Women's Christian Temperance Union want the living pictures turned toward the wall. David Henderson because of his ballot, and Sam T. Jack because of his living pictures, were sternly condemned by the women who assembled for the regular monthly meeting in the Woman's Temple. More than 100 women voiced in speeches, resolutions and reports their disgust at living pictures and ballets, and declared themselves in hearty favor of a movement that would result in the strict enforcement of the municipal statutes bearing on stage costuming and exposure of person. The report on living pictures which was submitted by Mrs. L. E. Hagans of Elmhurst and Mrs. Jane E. Zimmerman of Evanston, wife of Rev. Dr. Zimmerman, pastor of the Methodist Church, created a sensation and contained such startling accounts of the things seen by the committee that Mrs. Hagans and Mrs. Zimmerman and the executive committee of the central council of the Women's Christian Temperance Union decided to strike them from the report and forbade their being read in public meeting. Mrs. Matilda B. Carse, who presided at the meeting, overruled this decision and rescinded the order of the committee on living pictures and of the executive committee. Mrs. Zimmerman, when she heard of Mrs. Carse's decision, acquiesced in it, and said that if Mrs. Carse desired the report published in full she was willing, but her superior officer must take the responsibility of the matter.



PEEPING TOM.

In a voice that trembled with emotion Mrs. Zimmerman read the following report:

"Your committee, according to appointment, visited the matinee at Sam T. Jack's on Madison Street, Monday, Sept. 19, taking seats in the parquet, being informed that no ladies went to the gallery. What went on in the galleries can only be conjectured. We found ourselves the only reputable women, apparently, with the exception of a woman and her little girl, evidently from the country. Two or three other women were in the audience, but did not seem to belong, if appearances are any guide, to decent society. There were thirteen young women dressed in flesh-colored tights, with decollete waists, bare arms, and perfectly nude limbs, except for the tights. In the dancing the girls, though clothed decently, flung their legs about in a most skillful manner."

At this point in the report came the passage that had been ordered suppressed, and, pausing there, Mrs. Zimmerman said: "My sisters, there are some things we saw and which are written of in this report that I do not think should be read in a mixed assembly. If we were alone I would read them to you, but the young men of the press are here and some other gentlemen. I think the executive committee, which I have consulted in the matter, thinks that the passages in question should be omitted."

Mrs. Zimmerman then proceeded with the reading of the amended report as follows:

"The entire performance was plainly designed to inflame the passions of the men who had come in, evidently for that very purpose. The influence



HEAVENWARD.

of the whole place was wholly bad, of the lowest and worst badness conceivable. I cannot conceive it possible for a young man to go into such a place without receiving such a wound in the moral nature as would, even if healed, leave indelible scars, while many a young man can doubtless trace his downfall and the beginning of his career of shame to such places. These are the places where moral leprosy is cultivated and spread. We, as representatives of the views of the wives and mothers of the community, owe it to society to make a protest loud and deep and efficient."

SUPPRESSED PARTS OF THE REPORTS.

Great applause greeted the closing sentence of the report, and it was enthusiastically adopted "with thanks." Before handing her report to the Secretary for filing Mrs. Zimmerman ran a pencil carefully through the suppressed portions, which read in part as follows:

"The fringe dangled from the short skirt of the basque which enveloped the waist, evidently for the purpose of calling attention to the view to be obtained beneath. The person was plainly visible beneath the fringe of dangles. One young woman, who was, if such a thing were possible, a little more shameless than the rest, stood at the end of the line near the front of the platform during the act, while the others ranged themselves in a semicircle leading from the front one. This last stood with nearly all the person fully exposed to the gaze of hundreds of men, old and young, who improved their opportunities to the utmost.



AT THE BATH.

"In the dancing performance the girls, though they were clothed decently, flung their legs about in a most skillful fashion, exposing the whole of their drawers, and frequently throwing one leg above the head while another grasped the leg thus uplifted, and held it there for over a minute or more while the first girl danced."

Mrs. Zimmerman supplemented her report by saying: "Our action in visiting the theatres where living pictures are shown is the result of the crusade against this evil inaugurated by Lady Henry Somerset, who learned in London how vile and how bad in their effect on the morals are these so-called living pictures.

NOT FAMILIAR WITH THEATRES.

"The Central Union appointed myself and Mrs. Hagans as members of a committee to visit places where the pictures are shown in Chicago. I am not familiar with the customs of the stage, and desired to go into the gallery of the one we visited. We were told that ladies were not allowed there. I was sorry not to go there, for if the seats located in that part of the building are good enough for the sons and brothers of the women of Chicago they are good enough for us. Entering the theatre we found three or four hundred men there, and two or three women who did not bear any of the marks of being good or reputable. In fact, there were no reputable people in the house, save one family, from the country evidently. They had with them a daughter twelve years old. I could but be grieved that these deluded people should have exposed a child to the contaminating influences of such a place.



DIANA.

"Outside the theatre were large pictures, which I assure you were admirable representations of the performance within, and it was such a one as no son or father or brother of a decent woman should witness. No decent society or nation can bear the stain of such an exhibition as we saw and not be corrupted to the point of rottenness by it. The thirteen young women who appeared on the stage were dressed in flesh colored tights that simulated the human flesh so exactly as to make their legs appear actually nude. The dancing, I suppose, was very perfect of its kind, and in it was every suggestion of lewdness. I will not particularize on these matters, but will be prepared to do so in case it seems necessary.

AN UNCOMFORTABLE YOUNG MAN.

"There was one young man in the audience who sat by us when the performance began. He evidently saw that we were not like other women in the house, for he seemed uncomfortable and soon moved to a seat farther away from us. My heart ached when I thought how it might come to pass that my son and yours might sit in the seat he sat in and see the same foul exhibition. Perhaps Mrs. Hagans or myself reminded him of his own mother and that made him ashamed. There were two elderly looking gentlemen who looked respectable enough to pass the plate in the church, and their hair was so white it should have been seen in some other place."

"Perhaps they were investigating, too," said a woman in the audience.

"If they were they had no business to be," said Mrs. Zimmerman. "It's a woman's form that is exposed at such places, and woman alone should do the investigating. A respectable man has no business to do it. We also visited Sam T. Jack's West Side Theater and saw the same evil sights there. His places are worse than houses of prostitution, because vice is cultivated and seeds are sown by his lewd exhibitions.

THEY CALLED ON THE CHIEF.

"We went to Chief Brennan's office after our tour, but he was out of the city and we were received by Ass't Chief Kipley. He could give us no assurance that reform would be effected, and would only say that we should go and see some of the other places that pretended to be very respectable. He said that 'Aladdin, Jr.' was as bad as anything else, and he concluded by saying: 'See these other places and then come and tell us what you have seen.' We have looked up the municipal law in the matter and have found the following statutes bearing on the subject under the caption 'Indecent Exposure of Person:'

"'If any person shall appear in a public place in a state of nudity, or in a dress not belonging to his or her sex, or in an indecent or lewd dress, or shall make any indecent exposure of his or her person, or be guilty of any lewd or indecent act or behavior, he shall be subject to a fine of not less than $20 or exceeding $100—passed in 1881.'"

Mrs. S. N. I. Henry asked if the women would not be protected by the fact that they wore tights.

Mrs. Zimmerman said that the lawyers had said no, and that the municipal statute covered the case exactly. There was, however, no statute in the state laws bearing upon the subject. Mrs. Henry followed Mrs. Zimmerman with a long speech in which she said:

"We have a right to meddle in matters of this kind. Womanhood has a right to demand that the form of woman be covered, just as men would have a right to require that the form of man should be covered before an audience of women."

Mrs. Isabelle Lake, Superintendent of the Social Purity Committee, said that the union had a mighty task before it, and a task that should be performed if it cost blood. Mrs. Henry responded that the bill boards and cigarette pictures should come in for a share of the union's attention.

COMMITTEE HAS MORE WORK.

A motion was then made to discharge Mrs. Hagans and Mrs. Zimmerman from further service as a committee. Mrs. Zimmerman protested, however, saying that they had more work to do in the same line and desired time to make other investigations. Mrs. Hagans said:

"When we waited on Ass't Chief Kipley I told him that old as I was I had never been in the theatre before, and that I was horrified, palsied, and appalled at the things that we saw. Since I saw them I have almost wept tears of blood, yet Mr. Kipley promised us no help. He said he had not been in the theatres for some time."

"That shows he used to go, anyway," said one woman.



LA DIMONTINE DANCERS.



MISS LOUISE BLANCHARD.

Mrs. Carse said that it was such exhibitions that inflamed the passions of young men and drove them to the lewd women of Plymouth Place.

The meeting closed with the adoption by a rising vote of the following resolutions introduced by Mrs. Henry.

"*Whereas*, An investigation by a committee appointed by the Central Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the living pictures at some places of amusement in this city has revealed the fact that the form of woman is made a shameful exhibit.

"*Resolved:* That it is the self-evident right of woman everywhere to require that the womanly form must be clothed in all places to which the public is admitted, and that we ask the co-operation of women as such and men as men in the suppression of all those things by which pure sentiment is offended in the enforcement of this law."

The women also passed a resolution endorsing the work of the civic federation, and also setting the seal of its approval to General Lieb's proposition for a parade of drunkards on Father Matthews' day. This, although the original suggestion was made at an anti-temperance meeting at North Clark Street Turner Hall Wednesday night.

Before concluding we embody the report as published in the Chicago *News* of Thursday evening, October 4th, 1894.

This report, being the first one published, was used as the basis for suit for $100,000, entered by Mr. Sam T. Jack, against the W. C. T. U. and the newspaper above named:

The classic taste recently developed by certain Chicago variety theatres is about to receive rude opposition. The taste for unveiled beauty—loveliness, undimmed by materialistic sleeves and petticoats and enhanced by the warm tints of nature—is pronounced decidedly incorrect, and the disciples of this recent school of art, with their passion for the old models with their simple attire of a sweet smile or graceful pose, are about to receive a thorough shaking up.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union have started a crusade against living pictures. The Central Committee read a report at a meeting in Willard Hall this morning giving the result of the investigation by the two ladies appointed for the purpose. Mrs. L. A. Hagans and Mrs. Jane E. Zimmerman have visited various places of amusement and having become thoroughly acquainted with living pictures in their various forms they submitted their report to-day.

The report was made by Mrs. Zimmerman.

Both ladies on the committee are gray haired and matronly. Mrs. Hagans announced that she had never been to the theatre until appointed on this committee. Her first experience was at Sam T. Jack's, and in her words she was "paralyzed."

"Ladies, I was simply paralyzed," she said, "and ever since I have wept tears of blood."

Their visit to the theatre is best described in the report, which is as follows:

"Your committee, according to appointment, visited the matinee Sept. 19th, at Sam T. Jack's, taking seats in the parquet, being informed that no ladies went to the gallery. What went on in the gallery can only be conjectured. We found

ourselves the only reputable women, apparently, with the exception of a woman and her daughter, evidently from the country. Two or three other women were in the audience, but did not seem to belong, if appearances are any guide, to decent society. There were thirteen young women dressed in flesh colored tights, with decollete waists, bare arms, and perfecty bare limbs, except for the tights.

"The whole performance was plainly designed to inflame the passions of the men, who had evidently come in for that very purpose. The influence of the whole place was wholly bad, of the lowest and worst badness conceivable. I cannot conceive it possible for a young man to go into such a place without receiving such a wound in the moral nature as would, even if healed, leave indelible scars, while many a young man doubtless traces his downfall and the beginning of his career of shame to such places. These are places where moral leprosy is cultivated and spread. We, as representatives of the wives and mothers of the community, owe it to society to make a protest, loud and deep and efficient."

"Ladies," said Mrs. Zimmerman, "there were old gentlemen there sitting in the front rows who might have passed the plate in church for forty years."

"Perhaps they were there investigating," came from the audience.

"Men have no right to investigate such things!" cried Mrs. Zimmerman, in a loud, emphatic voice. "It is the business of the women to investigate and we are going to do it."

After their visit to Mr. Jack's emporium the ladies went to police headquarters and saw Mr. Kipley.

"He was very courteous," said Mrs. Zimmerman, "but did not do just what we wanted."

"Oh, is that all you saw?" said Mr. Kipley, according to the report. "You ought to go to the People's, or 'Aladdin, Jr.,' or 'Off the Earth.' Go and take them in and come and tell me how you like them."

The committee had seen enough and did not continue its investigations.

The ladies then turned to the consideration of remedies.

"We went to a lawyer's office and asked about the statutes. We found that there were plenty of laws in other States and that there was a satute in Illinois about the exposure of person. It is in the criminal code."

The statute was read to the audience.

"Yes, but, Madam President," cried Mrs. S. N. I. Henry, springing to her feet, "would not the presence of the tights protect them from the law? You understand, Madam President, I am as anxious as you are to see the law enforced, but I ask for information."

This seemed a new phase of the matter and there was a pause of thirty seconds' duration.

"Well," began Mrs. Hagans thoughtfully, "I don't think that the lawyers seemed to think so. Anyway, it oughtn't to. It's indecent, and that settles it. I will say, however, that I was astonished to find nothing in the Illinois statutes bearing directly on this subject. It's shocking. It isn't so in Boston. There we started a crusade



MISS ELOISE HANDY.



MISS EILEEN VAN ALLEN.

against indecent show bills and we succeeded in having them torn down, too."

Madam President then said she would introduce Mrs. Lake, a lady who probably knew more about the wickedness of this city than any other lady present.

Mrs. Lake made a short address in which the living picture evil was characterized as a mad dog let loose on society, and concluding that she was in favor of suppressing it "even if it cost blood."

Resolutions were then passed expressing the sentiments of the organization as follows:

"Whereas, An investigation by the committee appointed by the Central W. C. T. U., on the living pictures at some places of amusement in this city has revealed the fact that the form of woman is made a shameful exhibit; therefore,

"Resolved: That it is the self-evident right of woman everywhere to require that the womanly form must be clothed in all places to which the public is admitted, and that we ask the co-operation of woman as such and men as men in the suppression of all those things by which pure sentiment is offended, in the enforcement of this law."

We clip another article, a dispatch from New York to the *Chicago Times* of Friday, November 30th, 1894.

New York, Nov. 29.—A storm is brewing as a result of the Women's Christian Temperance Union's crusade against the living pictures. It is

If the ladies of Chicago would take a stroll through the Chicago Chinatown, which, by the way, is far, far worse than the Chinatown of New York, we agree with the lady named below that they would, like their New York sisters, see something which would shock them. Suppose they try it a little while. AUTHOR.

of an internecine character. The forces arrayed against each other are two. They compose those who declare that the living pictures are just too lovely for anything, or words to that effect, and those who say the pictures are horrid, immoral, disgusting, degrading, indecent, licentious, etc.

Mrs. Elizabeth Grannis, a prominent member of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and president of the National Christian League for the promotion of social purity, heads the opposing element, or those members of the union who are loud in their praises of the living pictures and deplore the crusade about to be waged against them. The crusaders are led by Lady Henry Somerset, and Mrs. Harriet Pritchard, superintendent of the purity in literature and art department of the union, and a woman devoted to her work. She it was who inaugurated the warfare against the living pictures. She is the pioneer crusader. The opposition declares she never saw the inside of a theatre, never gazed upon the beauties of a living picture, and Mrs. Pritchard admits it.

"No, I don't want to see a living picture," said Mrs. Pritchard. "'Tis true I have never frequented a theatre or ever seen what I call living pictures. My opposition is based on the reports which I have read in the newspapers, and other publications. I consider the living pictures of the day unfit as public spectacles. They must go."

"I have seen the living pictures," said Mrs. Grannis, "and I consider the pictures beautiful and instructive. They are nothing more or less than the tableaux of old, improved infinitely; made more realistic with the aid of modern agencies and wonderful artistic skill. I made a tour of all the

theatres in which living pictures are exhibited; I saw them in '1492' and in Proctor's, in the Garden Theatre, at Koster & Bial's, the Bijou and the Imperial. I saw nothing that was suggestive or indecent. The living pictures of the 'Black Crook' variety and spectacles of that character seen in Bowery theatres and cheap and low places of amusement are infinitely worse than the living pictures against which Mrs. Pritchard has directed her opposition. I have seen both kinds. Yes, I've been exploring the Bowery and, what is far worse, 'Chinatown,'" added Mrs. Grannis, impressively "and I have seen some living pictures that would startle the ladies of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. If they were to apply their energies in the overthrow of evil as I have seen it they would find much more work to do than to lead an attack on harmless artistic creations.

"The slums were revealed to me, and none but those who have done and seen can appreciate the degree of moral filth and degradation which exists in "Chinatown." This fact, therefore, accounts for the position I take in the matter of the living picture crusade. I have seen both sides and am qualified to judge. Those who have not seen as I have seen should not promote a needless war. There is plenty of room for action on the Bowery and Mott Street."

OH, HERE'S A HOWDY-DO.

Why does not this picture of "hop joints" fit the vile districts of Chicago?

Now, the fact of the matter is, that on the occasion of that visit, that ever memorable visit of the

lady who "shed tears of blood," and others, there were no living pictures introduced, and there had been none on the stage of the Madison Street Opera House for several days previous.

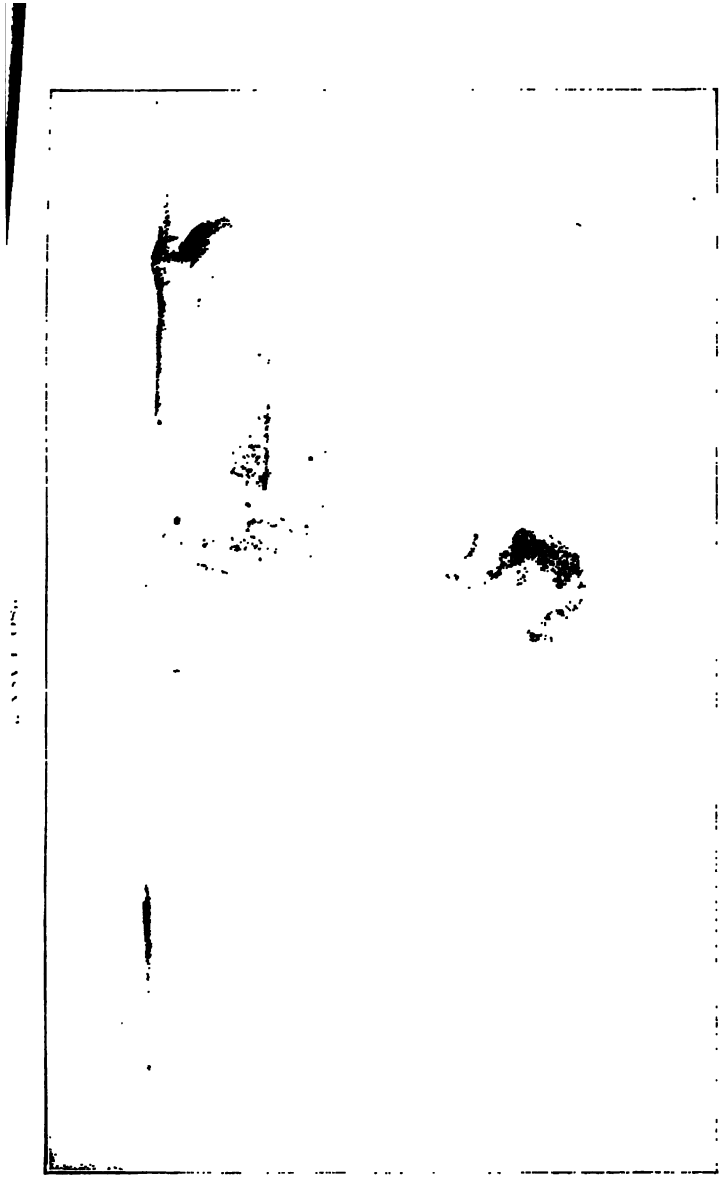
There are several other facts which we might state but will not, regarding the committee's report; facts told us by the gentleman who read some portions of the ladies' report which, he avers, we could not publish. He said a verbatim copy of the committee's report was obtained from the reporter of a certain press association of Chicago, which along with being scandalously untrue, in regard to certain things, bears every evidence in its mad untruthfulness of emanating from a poor judge. We blush to say THE LAW WOULD NOT PERMIT US TO PRINT IT. Truly the ways of the wicked are past understanding, and the devil of theology is a wicked old cuss.

Had Mr. Jack produced one-tenth of what the young and old ladies said in their reports, the populace of Chicago, without a single dissenting vote, would drive him from the city "horse, foot and dragons" and incontinently send him to Hammond —or Hades.

O tempora! O mores!

Really, ladies, it is too bad. Sam is a shocking sinner.

We are not going to offer one word, advisory, consolatory or condemnatory, not a condemned word, ladies!





MISS LILLIAN RUSSELL.

We simply state the case as the newspapers stated it.

We do not say a syllable ourselves. We only tell what the dailies said of Mr. Jack.

Chicagoans have been using a cant phrase for a long while back which we hear so often on the highways and in the byways that we cannot refrain from making use of it here. It is this:

"Now will you be good?"

Selah!

CHAPTER XXVI.

AROUND THE THEATRE. THINGS AMUSING AND SERIOUS WHICH OCCUR DAILY THERE.

The newspapers of a great city, those perennial chronicles of passing events, find a great deal of food for their columns in and around that most popular of all temples—the theatre.

We append a few.

The first is clipped from the Chicago Daily Press.

SCENES IN THE LOBBY.

VIEWED FROM THE BOX-OFFICE.

BALD-HEADED FOSSILS AND DAPPER, ANTIQUE FOPS WHO SIT IN FRONT—PRETTY GIRLS WHO THINK IT NAUGHTY BUT NICE—GOT A SEAT NEXT TO HER HUSBAND.

"Have you ever studied human nature through a box-office window?" This question was put by Sam T. Jack to a representative of the *Daily Press* who mingled with the throng in the lobby of Sam T. Jack's Opera House. Receiving a reply

in the negative, Mr. Jack extended an invitation to the reporter to enter the box-office and take some snap shots. The writer entered the office and took a seat in such a position that he could see and hear every purchaser without being seen himself. The play was a burlesque by a gaiety company, and the number of gentlemen who attended the show in shining pates which had long ago been divorced from capillary appendages was surprising.

"Now," said Mr. Jack, "note the excuses offered by those old dudes, and the reasons they assign for wanting the front seats."

The first gentleman to approach the window did so with a guilty and timid step. He held his right hand covered over his right ear and bowed his head forward in a listening attitude.

"How are the acoustic properties of this house?" he asked.

"Out of sight."

"What did you say?"

"Out of sight."

"Ah, yes. I am hard of hearing. By the way, have you got a nice seat close to the stage where a person who is hard of hearing can understand what is said?"

The treasurer, who knew that his questioner could hear as well as himself, tipped a wink to the reporter, who looked up and saw a dapper old fellow arrayed in a shining plug which topped a shin-

ing cranium, immaculate linen, Prince Albert coat, non-knee-bagging trousers and lavender kids. He wore patent leather boots, a sickly smile, a pink in the lapel of his coat and a first water three-karat diamond on his unruffled shirt bosom. The treasurer in the meantime was making a pretense of carefully scanning a ticket. He turned to the old fop and purposely lowering his voice to a whisper scarcely audible to himself, said:

"Ah, I have a seat in the front row, middle aisle outside; will that be too close?"

"That's all right. Come on, come on with it," shouted the old gentleman whose hearing was so bad a moment before, and in he went.

The next to approach the window was a young, student-like appearing man who from a distance had been carefully scrutinizing the lurid lithographs that hung on the wall, and seeing them perfectly for upward of half an hour. He began by asking what the play was, and who the players were. Upon receiving this information he started with:

"Ahem! Have you a box-seat where a near-sighted person can view the scenery?" And then he feasted his visual organs once more upon the posters in the lobby with the air of an art connoisseur who could see a defect in a torso or a mistake in the coloring a hundred yards off. The box-seat was forthcoming and away went the student



LES CHAMPS ELYSEE QUARTETTE.



MISS IDA L. VALENTINE.

to issue forth later a victim of acute strabismus from looking at limbs, not lithographs.

Next came a voice: "Oh, pshaw, you ask for them—and say—get a lower box!"

Now, it is just possible that if the young lady who uttered this injunction knew that her voice was wafted through the aforesaid orifice to the listening scribe, she would have given her sealskin sacque to recall it. Her companion advanced nervously to the window and, in modulated and musical tones, said:

"Say, mister—is it—really, awfully, terribly horrid?"

"Is what horrid, madam?" asked the dispenser of pasteboards.

"Why—the—burlesque?"

"On the contrary," he replied with a Chesterfieldian bow, "it is simply and purely perfection itself; not in the least naughty, but awfully nice."

A shade of disappointment passed over the rouge of the fair questioner's face and she nervously tapped on the window. She must have taken a very expressive little cough of her friend as a whispered injunction to get the seats, for she opened the little well stocked purse and produced the necessary shekels to procure the box.

A well dressed and rather angular lady with thin lips, turned up nose, sharp features, and a metallic voice came hurriedly to the window next

and leveling her glasses at the treasurer, asked if the burlesque company was playing there. Being answered in the affirmative, she shouted:

"Hain't this the company with girls who appear in very decollete attire, abbreviated skirts, tights and all that?"

The treasurer, in scarlet blushes, and a faltering voice, acknowledged the corn.

"Well, then, he is here."

"Indeed."

"Yes, you know he is. You know he is! You *know* he is!" repeated the lady. "You know *well* he is! Why in the world don't he come and live here? Not to be running here night after night, and then coming home after midnight and talking about dances, marches and pretty girls, and all that in his sleep until morning. Now, sir, where is he? Away down in the bald-headed row. I am sure there is none there balder than he, but I am going to see for myself," as she took a seat in front to look for her recreant husband.

Then came two youthful girls, possibly from the Milwaukee Avenue district. They wanted two seats as near front as possible. Before leaving the box office they confided to the ticket seller the fact that they were going on the stage, and came there to get pointers as to the proper way to carry themselves while acting. Seeing an opportunity to have a little fun, the treasurer seriously inquired if they



NAIDJNE.

understood all that going on the stage meant. If they were aware of the fact that they would be obliged to wear tights, etc. They blushed furiously at this and said they had been practicing at home with their brother's clothes. This so rattled the treasurer that he gave them the tickets and forgot to take any pay therefor.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CUBAN ROMANCE. SAM AS A HERO IN A FUNCION DO TOROS. LIFE AND LOVE OF CUBAN SWEETHEARTS.

The engagements played by Senor Sam T. Jack's Extravaganza Company in Havana, Cuba, for the week of November 17th, 1894, will not soon be forgotten by some Cubans, at least. The Extravaganza Company was organized in the city of Chicago early in the season of '94 and '95 and equipped especially with a view to touring Havana, Central America and Mexico, under the personal supervision of Manager Jack himself. It opened in Chicago, playing long engagements in both his houses, and started on its tropical tour in probably as good form as any company that ever took the road. It played Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, the Virginias, the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, and then went by steamer, as recorded in another chapter, from Tampa, Florida, to Havana, Cuba, where for the week named it played to the biggest business ever known in that island.

So eager were the Havanese to see the much heralded show that the company was met at Havana by the *Club de Cuba*, the swellest of the swell clubs of the island, with a steam tug, bands of music, and good things galore. The address of welcome was read to Mr. Jack by the *Alcalde*, and midst the firing of salutes, waving of banners, and clash of drum and cymbals, the American manager and his fifty fair ones were ushered into the land of roses, riots and revolutions. A sumptuous banquet awaited the newcomers and their new-found friends, and everything was in pleasing contrast with the voyage.

For the first time in the history of theatricals in Cuba the entire house was sold for the week's engagement long in advance of the arrival of the company. Sam and his ladies were the lions of the hour. It would seem as though nothing was thought of but "*L'Americano Companie*," and yet, as we will see, the same heart-burnings, the same joys, the same sorrows, that are always with the human family were present there and asserting themselves as ever and always they will while human hearts shall throb in human breasts.

Young Love preserves the same sleepless vigil in Cuba that he does elsewhere.

We will pass over the reception of the company and the gay scenes at the *Teatro*, to betake our way in Cupid's train, and surely no train, be it of

tragedy, comedy, or burlesque, was ever half so inviting.

It has always held the sway.

From the first dawn of creation it has been potent, and will continue to be until Time rolls o'er Eternity's shore, and men and maidens will be no more.

Three days of the week passed swiftly by.

The evening of the third found Senor Jack quietly strolling along the hard white road, leading from the city, slowly taking his way past field and fen, past gurgling brook and tropic glen.

The sweetly thrilling notes of the mocking bird's song were borne on the evening breeze; the gentle murmur of the laughing brook as it kissed the shining pebbles, created brook-laughter in circling eddies; the droning hum of the insect world, so peculiar to that region, in the early evening, were at once sights and sounds enchanting.

So at least thought Sam, as he leisurely walked on in calm enjoyment.

Nor was he the only one who drank in the beauty of the evening and lingered to enjoy its loveliness. Another, and a very interesting person, was similarly engaged; and this person was of all Cuba's fair daughters the very fairest; Inez Dolore, "*La belle Inez*," herself the rarest being in all the isle, drank in the beauties of that charming hour.

Just at a point where the white road wound to the left past a waving field of rustling sugar cane, and well in the shade of a great live-oak, she stood, faultless as a goddess—one lovely arm thrown caressingly over the arched neck of her favorite pony "Mesquite," the other hanging listlessly by her side; her head bent slightly forward, and her lustrous eyes bent upon the declining orb of day, as bright, in their way, as ever shone that orb itself.

Ravishingly beautiful was *La belle Inez.* Her jet black hair fell loosely where it escaped from the meshes of the gay *reboso*, and wanton-like blew as a veil here and there, disclosing the olive tinted and rounded shoulders, in their beauteous

"Shadowed livery of the burnished sun."

Inez wore no riding habit, but a dress of soft material which clung in wavy folds to her perfect form, as though the lovely creature had been moulded in it. It was dark gray in color, and was in vivid and yet pleasing contrast to the scarlet *reboso* which, by the way, although coyly worn to hide the glorious luster of her eyes, only served to enhance their killing qualities. Bright as the silken scarf was, it was tame to the flashing eyes and the ruby lips of this lovely senorita.

Her back was to Sam as he approached her, coming as he was, from the city, and his footfalls were unheard by her, so that he came on unannounced.



ONEZ PASQUALE.

He nad almost arrived within speaking distance of her, when, from around the curve in the road adverted to above, came the quick clatter of a horse's hoofs, and a moment later our observant hero was positive he saw her involuntarily shudder as she beheld the sallow visage and attenuated form of *Senor Juan Alvarez* as he came galloping around the sugar cane.

Indeed, Inez was never approached by Alvarez that she did not shudder.

She could not bear his presence; a feeling indefinable to her forbade her doing so. None knew this better than the Senor himself.

The Senor was a haughty Don.

Haughty because of his lineage and his acres, the former extending back so far that he could trace it for centuries, and the latter being so numerous that turn as fair Inez would where she stood she could not see the limit of them in any direction.

Yet his lineage and his acreage were as nothing to her. He had been a suitor for her hand, and had been kindly but firmly refused by her.

A fact, by the way, which in turn was as nothing to the haughty Don, for he still persevered with that pertinacity characteristic of a man who will not take "no" for an answer, and he never lost an opportunity to be by her side.

In this the Don was foolish.

We have always remarked that when the young

lady in the case bids us leave her, it is wise to do so, give her a few months to herself and she will come around right enough, as a general thing, will be sorry she did not bid you stay, and when the little storm blows over—well, you will be welcomed back all the warmer. Try it.

However, you would not blame the fair Inez if she never welcomed Don Juan.

So he approached slowly; after reining up his steed, he lifted his silver corded and heavily *chapeted* sombrero, and with a steely glitter in his basilisk-like eyes, bowed low over the saddle and said:

"*Un buen dia, Senorita.*"

"*Un heromosa dia, Senor,*" she responded, while she knew in her heart that his presence killed the loveliness of the day for her while he remained. But it was evidently not his intention to go, and she might as weil bid farewell to the evening's sweets.

It was not to pass her by he had ordered his horse saddled, when some time before he had seen her ride by *Casa de Campa* (garden of his country house), as he awakened from his *siesta* in the hammock swung on his portico.

Nay, he had come to woo again, and to woo with all the ardor of his hot-blooded nature. Alvarez was not a man to waste time on preliminaries. So blinded was he also, to all things but the

presence of the young Senorita, that he knew nothing of Mr. Jack's approach.

Indeed, it is doubtful if he would have cared for the "*pobre Americano.*"

Whether he would or not, he for the twentieth time poured into the ears of the distracted girl the unpleasant tale of his love, or rather what he considered—and we believe honestly considered, love.

But Don Alvarez was incapable of loving anything but himself, his broad acres and his *dinero.*

For the twentieth time he was doomed to disappointment and was begged by the young Senorita to desist. All in vain he pleaded and protested.

Her coldness only increased his fervor, and finally drove him wild with anger, until in a momentary burst of ungovernable temper he broke out:

"And do you then love another, Senorita? Dares there to live one who will endeavor to thwart me in my love? If so, by the Virgin! he will rue it. Ha! ha! *Santissima!* I have it. Is my rival then the plebeian—the toreador Diego Pietro?"

The blush which overspread the sunkissed cheek of the fair Inez at this ungentlemanly outburst, the pearly tears which started from her lovely eyes, the half-parted, trembling, ruby lips, were answer enough; aye, too much. Alvarez knew he had named the man she loved, indeed the man who was dearer to her than her life.

He saw it all, and the hideousness of his treacherous nature was written in the dark scowl which overspread his tawny face

Long and deep were the muttered maledictions he heaped upon the head of the absent Diego.

A moment later he was off, plunging the rowels of his spurs deep in the sides of his poor horse, while he gave the young and frightened maiden a parting demoniacal leer.

The horse scarcely missed Sam by a hand's breadth and yet the maddened rider knew it not, but muttered aloud as he swept by:

"*Diable*, I will kill Diego!"

The momentary relief felt by the fair Senorita at the departure of the scoundrel was quickly followed by nervous weakness, and just as our hero was opposite her she turned pale as the dead, tottered and fell in a faint in his arms, crying: "*Mia Ami! Diego!*"

It was the first time in his life that he would have unloaded so much beauty to have in his hands instead an ugly man.

He would have given a fortune to have had his hand around the scrawny neck of Don Juan.

The Don would have known it.

But now youth and beauty demanded his care and immediate attention, and to those fair claimants he had never yet denied anything.

Beauty in distress has a special claim upon him.

She was not the first of her sex who had fainted in his arms.

He brought her to quicker than we can write it. Then she hugged and clung to him, for a strange resemblance was borne by her lover, Diego, and Sam, and she at first thought the latter was Diego. When she discovered her mistake she fainted again, and had to be again brought to. He did more, he accompanied her home, and on the way she naively confessed to him the story of her abhorrence of the Don Juan Alvarez and her love for the brave and handsome Diego Pietro, the famous *toreador*, and she shuddered as she told him how Diego was to appear among the *primero clase toreadors* on the morrow at the *funcion de toros*, given on the *fiesta* of the *Santo* of the King of the Belgians, a national day always observed by a bull fight; and shuddered more when she told him what a powerful standing Juan Alvarez had, and that he managed the *funcions*.

Well, all this set the American thinking, and ere he parted from the Senorita he won her confidence by telling her how well he knew and respected Diego Pietro, her beloved one, and how Diego had been of service to him when he visited Cuba before, and how the resemblance between Diego and himself brought it all about and proved of value to him on that occasion.

"Do not fear for your sweetheart," said Sam, "I will outwit the Don."

And giving her these consoling words they parted, she hopeful, he determined to keep his word.

So great was the resemblance between Sam and Diego that she looked long and earnestly after our hero.

Donna Inez was the only daughter of the wealthy *Don Pedro Dolore*; she had been a petted heiress all her life, for her mother had given up her life when she gave to Don Pedro a daughter, and this made the child doubly dear to the stricken father.

Tenderly was the little flower nursed under the fostering care of an old Mestigo woman whom Inez always addressed as "Naderigo Mia," or my nurse. To this old woman, whom she tenderly loved, and who was in turn devoted to her, Inez had always unburdened her heart, nor had she hidden from her what she had told no one else, the story of her love, and the fact that she was the fiancee of the brave *toreador* Diego Pietro.

The old nurse, always proud of her young mistress, was made more so when told of the choice of her young heart, and many times, since becoming the *confidante*, she had exchanged billet-doux for the lovers; handed to Diego the perfumed, neatly folded billet of Inez in exchange for the passionate lines which he entrusted to the old woman for his sweetheart.

Eulalia, for so the nurse was named, was as proud of Diego, the handsome fellow, as she was of the *Infanta Inez*, and despite the qualms of conscience which she felt, whenever she overheard Don Pedro speak glowingly of Juan Alvarez, when her own noble acres would be joined to the *haciendo* of the latter, she never wavered in her wish, or faltered a moment, in the hope that the young lovers would be fortunate.

To do Juan Alvarez justice we must say that he was a great flatterer, and moreover a good judge of human nature. He had completely wheedled old Don Pedro into the belief that the old man was indeed one of God's noblemen, and that he, himself, was the beloved of the old gentleman's daughter, Donna Inez. He was crafty enough to make this latter pretension, because he knew that were he ten times as wealthy, old Pedro would not on that account give his consent to the union, if it so happened that Donna Inez did not love Alvarez.

He, in fact, had the simple old gentleman fully convinced that the coldness shown by the donna to him was only love's coyness, and maiden modesty. "Say nothing," he would whisper to the old man, "leave her to my tender care; I will cure this modesty, which we should be proud to see. Do not speak to her of the matter at all."

Early in the day of the accidental meeting between Donna Inez, Don Alvarez and Sam T. Jack,

Alvarez had been to the old man, and as usual followed a lying course. He said that the Donna and himself had had a slight misunderstanding over a trivial matter, and that he desired above all things the consent of his old friend to the marriage at once.

"Be careful," said he; "now that she is angry, like all angry women, she will say anything but what she should say, but you are too wise a man (flatterer) to heed her. Be kind but firm; remember I will make the Donna the first woman in Havana; you know none among our hidalgos is so wealthy as I."

The old man, who anticipated no trouble in patching up what he considered a slight lover's quarrel, chuckled and said he would arrange matters after the evening tea.

We will spare our readers an account of the interview between father and daughter, one of love at first, and finally when the old man blinded by the lies of Alvarez thought the Donna foolish, of hot anger on his part. Then when his anger met with redoubled resistance, it made him for the nonce blind to reason, until he swore she would wed Don Alvarez, or remain forever unwed.

In the meantime the scoundrel Alvarez was not idle, he was scheming; his thoughts were of murder—foul, treacherous murder.

He had sworn to remove Diego Pietro from his path, and he had set about doing so.

All the day he brooded in silence over the matter and finally hit upon a plan which would have done justice, and no doubt did, to Satan himself.

It was as follows:

It was one of his official duties to conduct the annual field tournament on the coming Santo, and to do this he engaged all participants, the bulls and bull-fighters, and in short managed the entire affair. Already he had called upon the *toreadors* of the first or *primero clase*, only, as the bulls to be fought were pure Andalusians and fierce in the extreme.

Knowing well the skill of the brave Diego (whom all Americans who ever visited Havana will remember under the rather unromantic name of "Four-Fingered Jack"), and suspecting him of being his rival, he had stricken his name from the list, but finally owing to the pressure of public affairs he had placed it on the list again. He had felt sure that the coming *fiesta* would enhance his rival's chances, for the public loves a hero, and what woman lives who is not proud to see and hear her loved one honored, and admiringly spoken of?

These thoughts troubled him.

They made his hatred the greater.

What should he do with this plebeian bull-sticker? But Satan, we say, finally prompted him and showed him how he could be avenged of Diego



DONNA INEZ.



AN EXTRAVAGANZA BELLE.

and still stand well in the eyes of the public, and possibly those of Donna Inez.

He determined to arm Diego with a sword which would break short off at the first blow struck the bull, without even injuring the animal, and thus leave the *toreador* all unarmed at the mercy of the maddened beast.

Now, it so happened that Juan Alvarez's valet was as great a villain in many ways as his adept master, and had ofttimes been engaged in work of deviltry for him. Alvarez had implicit confidence in this fellow, nor had his confidence ever been misplaced, and this time requiring the help of the shrewd hireling he called him, thinking himself fortunate in being his possessor. He did not know, however, that Miquel was the sworn friend of Donna Inez, the beloved of his mother, and that he owed his life to Diego Pietro, who, on one occasion, at the risk of his own, saved Miquel from the banditti; if he had he would have thought twice before making his hitherto trusty knave his *confidante* on this occasion.

But so things were.

Being ignorant on these points, to Miquel he disclosed his secret, and into Miquel's hands entrusted the fixing of a sword which just prior to the *entree* of the *toreador*, Diego, was to be slipped into the *faja* of that youth, and thus leave him to face the bull with a harmless weapon.

It was well the gathering twilight prevented Alvarez from seeing the facial changes of his valet while the plot was being unraveled.

His looks boded anything but good for his master.

When the tale was told, and the plan perfected, Don Alvarez retired in good humor, and Miquel ran quickly to inform his mother and the *toreador* of the plot.

There was a secret meeting that night. It was held in the *jardin de case de cindad* of Don Pedro and consisted of Miquel, Diego, Sam T. Jack, Donna Inez and Eulalia, the nurse.

The conspirators did not meet until after the midnight moon rode in the heavens, and did not disperse (for they argued one very tangled question a long, long time) until a few hours before sunrise of the *Santa*, or *fiesta dia*.

The bull fight was to commence at one o'clock sharp and to that end everybody was preparing. The 15th of November was to be a great day.

Early in the morning the streets of the quaint city presented a very animated appearance. On every hand could be seen gaily dressed Senors, Senoras and Senoritas.

All the picturesque variety of the costumes worn in that clime was to be seen The gaily colored dress of the out-of-town pleasure seekers was in striking contrast to the more modified dress of the better class of the city proper; for the former wore vari-

colored costumes while the latter were attired chiefly in black.

Indeed in many cases the town-folk dressed much as do the inhabitants of Chicago and New York, or any other large American city, the gentlemen wearing Prince Albert coats and other ordinary garments of our country; and the ladies—some of them—attired altogether in black. A black silk gown, and wrap, with fan of the same hue, and a black parasol to protect their hatless heads from the sun. The peasant women wore the gayer attire. They could be seen in all the colors of the rainbow; but the rule was a white waist, red short skirt, and blue *reboso*, the whole topped by a heavy bell topped straw hat, much the same headgear as was seen on numbers of the sterner sex. The rich country gentlemen outvied even the women folks, and decked not only their own persons gaily, but their horses' trappings were also gaudy. The haciendas wore short jackets decorated with silver buttons, low cut and handsomely colored vests, and knee trousers—that is tight fitting trousers to the knee, slashed on the outside from the knee down and gay with silver and, in some cases, gold cord and silver bells and buttons. Around their waists they wore *fajas* or sashes, mostly red, yellow or crimson. The head was adorned by heavily corded sombreros which in some cases cost hundreds of dollars.

The peons were gay in white muslin attire from head to foot. Sandals of leather, fastened over the instep and worn without stockings, covered their feet, and their sombreros were chiefly straw.

The procession of the clergy had left the streets, the last of the penitents had left the little chapel of San Juan Babtista; the fair Inez had placed her last *veta* before the alabaster statue of "Our Lady of the Mountain," which is seen in the little chapel, and had earnestly prayed to the good Virgin for help; all the penitents in fact had filed from the church when she, last of the throng, emerged and joined a great cavalcade on the street, which seemed to be dancing to the merry marches being played by half a dozen bands.

The street was lined with military gentlemen who looked famous in uniform. Soon she saw Don Juan Alvarez at the head of the procession surrounded by many of the highest in the land, brave men and fair women, and followed by thousands on their way to the *Funcions de toros.*

The *plaza de toros* on this occasion was just without the city, and at high noon the great amphitheatre was filled to overflowing. Ready for the butchery of the day were all the actors in the scenes about to be exploited.

In a large office room sat Don Juan arranging the details and directing the *espadas, matadores, banderillos, picadores, chiulos and capas.*



A MEXICAN BEAUTY.



A BURLESQUE BEAUTY.

When this was done he, in company with several others, took his seat of honor upon a dais just in the center of an arrangement built at the head of the bull-ring, and somewhat like a private box at one of our own theatres.

Soon the bloody work began, but ere it did tens of thousands of persons were shouting and laughing in the great circle. Don Juan looked about him and saw that the elite was well represented, and started when on looking at the quarter where sat Don Pedro and his friend he saw the seat usually occupied by Donna Inez was empty.

He noticed, also, that from time to time the old Don consulted his watch, and his attendants, as though inquiring for the young Senorita. The nurse was absent too, but that was a natural result of the absence of her mistress.

One o'clock came, and Don Alvarez, as maestro, gave the signal to commence.

The music ceased and with it the noise of shouting and laughter, and every pair of eyes in the thousands of heads were riveted upon the spot where the bull was to enter.

The signal, a trumpet sound, was given, and a moment later, head down and tail up, there came rushing into the arena a great black and white bull.

In a moment more the participants in the *melee* were on their feet. The *chulos* and *capas* shook

their red cloth banners in the face of the mad and hungry beast, and with blazing eyes he tore down upon them; then dashing spurs into the sides of their horses the gaily attired *banderillos* rode forward and threw their slashed and beribboned darts into the animal just back of the shoulders so as to infuriate him.

The beast darted first upon one and then another, but they all nimbly leaped aside except in one instance when the great horns came too swiftly and disemboweled the horse of one of the *banderillos*, tossing horse and rider to the ground.

Before he could do more mischief the *toreador* Immanuel Martuz was beside him, and gave the fatal thrust. It was but a moment's work thereafter for the *cacheteros* to slip their sharp and slender daggers into the bull's neck and this monarch was dead.

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" clearly rang out as the band began to play, and the mules dragged the slain animal from the arena, leaving a trail of blood behind them.

There were to be three fights and the first one had come off nicely. The second, in which a Spanish Maestro served as primero and who was "starring" Cuba, was to be a more entertaining fight than the first, and then the third, in which Diego Pietro was to slay two bulls, was to cap the climax and be the best of all.

Of course, the interest increased as the program was carried along. When the second bull came out he made straight for the shouting *chulos*, who with unwonted vigor waved their red banners. With the quickness of scorpions those lithe-limbed fellows stepped aside time and again, while at every miss of his attack the bull received the maddening darts of the *banderillos*.

He was soon as mad as the most exacting Cuban could desire.

Straightway he made, half blinded by blood, for the Spanish *toreador*.

The Spaniard waited his approach and when the mad beast came upon him he darted out his right arm and sank his sword deeply in the brute, but as he did so he slipped, for as he stepped back his foot got into a pool of the first animal's blood and he was flat on his back instantly.

Quick as thought the bull, now thoroughly blind from blood and rage, turned upon him and with a tremendous lunge pinned him to the ground with his horns, receiving at the same moment the entire blade of the *toreador's* sword in his body. Ere the *cacheteros* were beside him his heavy carcass swayed once and then rolled over, turning the dead body of the Spaniard with it.

The excitement which followed this event baffles description. Men and women leaped to their feet, shouting, gesticulating, laughing, yes, actually

laughing; while the military band struck up a gay air and the dead bodies of human and brute were carted out.

Such a scene of tumult was never before seen on that little isle where turbulence seems to be perennial.

But the third event was to be "the thing," and soon everything was made ready for it.

The announcement had been made by heralds everywhere that the great *toreador*, Diego Pietro, would kill two bulls, both of which should be admitted to the arena at the same moment. This had never been equaled before in the history of bull fights and was looked forward to with eagerness. Everybody was excited.

Many expected to see Diego hauled from the pit lifeless, like the *toreador* who had just been killed. His intimate friends, those who knew him best, however, had hopes that he would triumph.

* * * * *

We said above that on the night preceding the Santo there was a secret meeting in the *jardin* of the *casa de ciudad* of Don Piedro, but we told nothing of what transpired there. Here is what occurred:

Miquel, the valet to Alvarez, had told his mother of the devilish plot of Alvarez, and the mother sent him to fetch Diego and Sam T. Jack to meet Donna Inez and herself in the garden, an hour after the theatre closed or about 12 o'clock.



EMMA WESTON.



MISS ROSE VAUGHN.

When they met it was to devise means to outwit the bloodthirsty Don.

First one plan and then another was suggested only to be shelved.

Eulalia urged Diego to flee from Havana at once, take Inez with him, be married at some other place, and wait for reconciliation with the old Don Pedro, and to pay no attention to the bull fight of the morrow.

To this Diego objected, as he was anxious to show his rival and the world that even though he had tried treachery, and to make assurance doubly sure had ordered an extra bull pitted against him, still he could and would be the victor. Inez was more than willing that any course should be followed which would keep her lover from fighting the bulls, but her maiden modesty objected to leaving Havana even with Diego until she should be wedded to him.

Miquel was for Diego entering the arena, of course armed with his own sword, killing the bulls, as he was sure he would do, and then leaping into the box of Don Alvarez and settling that murderously inclined individual.

Sam was the last to be heard from and he was actuated by a double motive in what he proposed when he did speak. He remembered first of all that Diego had undergone considerable hardships helping him out of some difficulties some three

years before when he had visited Havana, and he was anxious to aid the *toreador* all in his power. Then again his adventurous spirit, always strong within him, had begun to assert itself—he wanted to be up and doing. He not only wished to foil the treacherous Alvarez and unite the lovers, but he had something else on his mind. He disclosed his plan, and was hotly seconded by the irrepressible Miquel and even by Eulalia; but Inez and Diego, while the first part of the program pleased them exceedingly, were set against the latter half of it, and this question was the one which called forth the debate, that lasted almost until sunrise.

Finally a plan was adopted. Eulalia and her charge entered the *casa*. Miquel betook himself to the home of his employer and Sam and Diego to their respective hotels. As the latter gained the plaza, Sam said:

"Now, Diego, I will not have another word from you. It must be as I say; we are the same size, almost to an inch, and do not look unlike each other. You go before the Padre, I will go before the people. I have a sacrifice to offer up to-day," and they parted.

Four hours later they met in the dressing-room under the arched side of the amphitheatre. Diego was splendid in a *toreador* costume, the finest one, it is said, ever worn on this hemisphere, and one upon which the fair fingers of Donna Inez had worked many a handsome device.

Sam was clad as usual in a broadcloth Prince Albert, the entire suit of the same material, a tall silk hat, and patent leather low cut shoes. Together they sought Miquel, who was busily engaged getting all the participants ready and handing out swords, lances, banners, etc., to several.

"Are you two ready, Senors?" he asked. Receiving an answer in the affirmative he conducted them into an inner room, where they were away from the observation of the rest. In about thirty minutes a gentleman arrayed in a black Prince Albert suit, as described above, emerged again from the place, leaped into a carriage in waiting and was hurriedly driven off. The man in the *toreador's* suit remained indoors waiting for the third fight to be called.

Miquel was here, there, and everywhere, but always alert and cunning.

It was arranged that three minutes before the trumpet would sound an electric bell would ring and Senor Diego would leave his dressing-room, enter the arena, walk straight to the box of Don Alvarez, and after offering salute to him make his bow to the people, while following would come all the other participants to do likewise.

Finally the bell rang, the gentleman in the handsome costume came forth. He was soon followed by the others, whose duties called them to the arena. The bows were made, and they stood awaiting the trumpet call.

All the ladies remarked that the *toreador* Diego looked handsomer than ever before.

Alvarez smiled as he saw the *toreador* approach, and attributed the fact of the latter's keeping his face averted to his having heard of yesterday's scene with Donna Inez.

Alvarez could not restrain his joy as he noted the handle of the sword which he had selected for Miquel to doctor, protruding from the faja of the *toreador.*

"Ha! ha!" he muttered to himself, "my finely strutting peacock, your feathers will soon be trailed in gore."

So devilish was his nature that he looked with regret upon the empty seat where Inez, as he thought, should have been, and regretted she was not there to see her lover gored to death.

"Ta-ra-ra! Ta-ra-ra! Ta-a-r-a-a!
Ta-ra-ra! Ta-ra-ra! Ta-a-r-a-a!"

Went the trumpet, up went the huzzas of all present; open flew the white doors and tearing, rearing, glaring, madly stamping came two great bulls; the thuds from their hoofs, and their bellowing making a horrid din.

The excitement was feverish.

It permeated all ranks. Quick as lightning the *chulos* and *capas* darted forward, divided their flashing and waving of the hated red flags before the beasts, and nimbly leaped aside as the threat*ening horns* were lunged at them.

The *picadores* on fresh horses, rode also to meet them and pierced the bulls with the points of their lances. The *banderilleros*, as maddening as any to the goaded beasts, threw their darts into them up to the knotted ribbon; and yet, calm and unruffled, with his crimson *zarape* flung jauntily over his left arm and his sword tightly grasped in his right hand, full in the center of the ring, so that those in the *sombra* and in *sol* could see him, stood the *toreador*.

At last the larger beast of the two, a huge black fellow whose snout was foam flecked, eyes bloodshot and fiery, and whose every nerve quivered with madness and pain, darted towards him; he waved off the tantalizing crew with the lances and bands and boldly advanced to meet the coming bull.

Head down came the bull.

Head erect walked the *toreador*.

Just as one looking on would expect to see the gladiator tossed in the air from the horns of the infuriated beast the *toreador*, even as the bull was upon him, apparently, stepped nimbly aside; his keen blade flashed for an instant in the sunlight and then was hidden in the quivering flesh of the animal.

"*El sequendo toros!*" (The second bull.)

"*El sequendo toros!*"

Shouted a thousand throats, and quicker than

thought he leaped over the fallen brute, from which he had just drawn his *espada*, just in time to avoid a vicious lunge from the second bull, another big black fellow.

"Bravo! bravo! bravo!" came from all quarters.

The second bull had been running at such speed that ere he could recover himself he ran full tilt against the wooden wall directly beneath the seat of Don Alvarez. The shock shook the frame wall and made it ring again and again.

In an instant the *toreador* was beside the animal and just as it recovered from the force of the collision and sprang at him, the voice of Don Alvarez, whose body was bent far over the box railing with arms extended, and eyes shining like coals, shouted:

"*Pare V. Aqui! Pare V. Aqui! Como se llamo, Senor?*" shaking his fist at the *toreador*.

Every eye, even that of the *toreador*, was turned upon the Don; the look nearly cost the *toreador* his life, for on came the bull, and even like the unfortunate Spaniard in the previous fight the quick step aside of the fighter was unfortunately into another pool of blood, and down he went sprawling out, but still grasping his sword, nor could he do more than make a "bridge," as wrestlers call a position when the head and heels are upon the ground and the rest of the body curved



SAM T. JACK—THE ONLY AMERICAN BULL FIGHTER.

upwards and off it, before the bull recovering made for him again and tossed him (for the long horns slipped under the curved body of the man) into the air high, and fairly into the arms of Don Alvarez, whom it knocked down backwards. Ere the cursing Don had gained his feet or the crowd had fully recovered from their surprise, the gladiator had leaped nimbly back, and met the next rush of the mad beast full upon his *espada* which as soon as it was fleshed he pressed against the bull's shoulder and broke short off at the handle.

Then while the *cacheteros* plunged their daggers into the neck of the bull and ended it all, the *toreador* leaped upon the carcass of the animal, flung the handle of the broken sword into the face of the astonished Alvarez, uncovered his head, and stood forth—Sam T. Jack.

"*L'Americano*," gasped the Don.

"Yes, you cowardly cur," hissed Sam in his ear, "and for the sake of Diego Pietro and Inez I am here. Aye! and for their sake I will meet you at sunrise with my *espada* in hand again! You are fooled, Senor. Donna Inez Delora that was, is now Senora Piedro!"

As soon as Sam had uncovered his head, and pulled down a scarf of red silk which he had worn around his neck and kept half way up, he was instantly recognized by the vast concourse, and their surprise and admiration found vent in cheering loud and long.



PHYLLIS RUFFELL.



THE SYRENS.

"Bravos" and "huzzas" filled the air. No American is better liked in Havana. Everybody seemed delighted except Alvarez.

He was dumfounded.

The action of "*el pobre Americano*" had overwhelmed him, and the challenge to a duel, augmented with the news of the marriage of Inez, left him dazed.

Those near him in the box had seen and heard without understanding anything. They knew he had been challenged to mortal combat, the blow of the sword handle was more than evidence of that, but he alone among them spoke and understood English, and Sam, knowing this, refrained from addressing him in Spanish.

His friends had to call and shake Alvarez several times, before he understood that the crowd was departing.

Some of the gentlemen, who were none too fond of him, whispered that fear of meeting the American manager held him speechless; others shook their heads and knew not what to say.

If our fair readers will excuse us for having lost sight, for a little while, of the most interesting of all our characters, the fair Inez, we will now return to her. To do this we must digress slightly.

The point proposed the night before by Sam was that inasmuch as he and Diego looked so much alike in all things, only that Diego was

darker skinned, and as they were of a size, he insisted that they go together to the *Plaza de toros* in the morning, each in his own dress, and after Diego had registered they would exchange attires. Diego would then leap into a carriage and drive to the Chapel of San Juan Babtista, and there be met by Inez, Eulalia, and a member of Sam's company, where the little padre, with whom Inez was first to intercede (and for which she went to the chapel in the morning) was to wed them forthwith, having the old nurse and the member of the company as witnesses.

In the meantime Sam, who was rusting for something to do, and who was an expert athlete and swordsman, would attend to the pair of bulls, and incidentally to Don Juan Alvarez.

The ardent lovers argued the point for hours, but were finally talked out of their opinions and consented after Miquel protested he would disguise himself as a *chulo* and be at Sam's side, if needed, to save him, if he could, from danger.

This he did not do, however, for when they were alone, Sam, who feared that Alvarez might recognize his valet, forbade it. Well, the program came off just as it was arranged.

When Sam, an hour after the fight was over, came into the parlor of the hotel, the pleasantest duty of the day was his—kissing the bride. This he did and he would willingly do more, for the little beauty had completely charmed him.

Well, our story is ended.

"All is well that ends well." We have had occasions to say this before.

Don Alvarez, when he found how affairs were, did not wait to fight the duel. Business called that honest gentleman quietly to Mexico for a short while. Old Don Pedro heard the story, embraced everybody and called Diego son.

And that evening as the sinking sun threw a last parting beam through the stained glass in the little window of the Chapel of San Juan Babtista, a figure, like unto that of an angel in beauty and goodness, knelt at the foot of the statue of "Our Lady of the Mountain," and placing another *veta* there, this time a wreath of laurel leaves, she said in a low and heartfelt tone: "Lady, accept our prayers and offering for the welfare of our hero —Sam T. Jack."

THE END.



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